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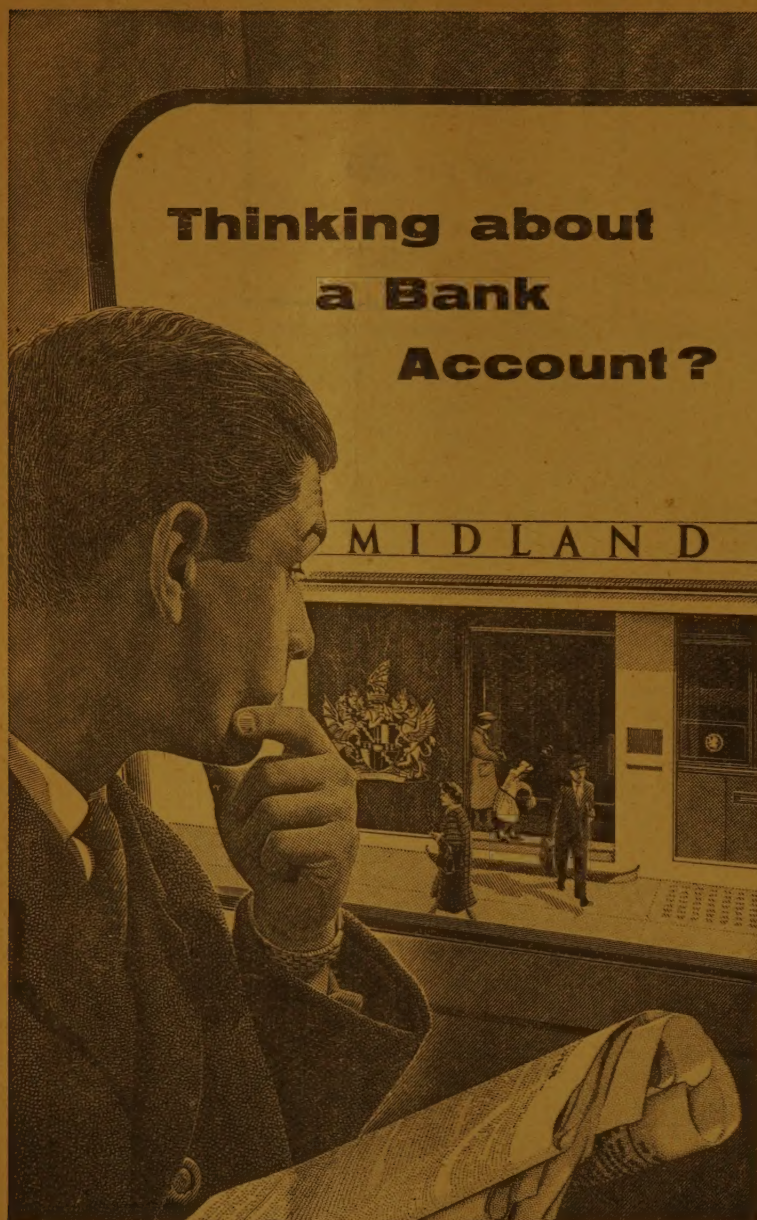
'The Children of Charles I'; Henry Duke of Gloucester (left) with his sister Elizabeth and James Duke of York: a portrait by Sir Peter Lely in the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy. An article by Oliver Warner on the exhibition is on page 1110

General de Gaulle in Perspective. By David Thomson

The Mechanization of Art. By Edgar Wind

Living Memories of Tolstoy: a symposium

Book reviews, Bridge, Crossword, Music, 'Painting of the Month', Poetry, Religion, Radio criticism



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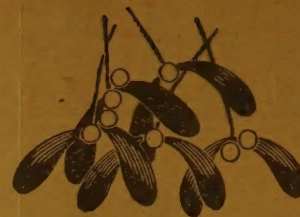
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The Listener

Vol. LXIV. No. 1655

Thursday December 15 1960

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General de Gaulle in Perspective

By DAVID THOMSON

A STORY is told of Charles de Gaulle at the *Ecole de Guerre*, when he attended it thirty-five years ago, which throws light on his present policies. The theory of military tactics then taught there was known as the *a priori* theory. A commander in the field was expected to choose a favourable battlefield, study it in great detail so as to organize lines of fire and attack and retreat, and then lure his enemy on to this prepared pitch where, like a fly in a web, he could be devoured. Young Commandant de Gaulle rejected this doctrine, on the grounds that no enemy was likely to be so obliging. 'The enemy', he said, 'isn't any more stupid than we are: he, too, will look for a favourable battlefield'. When it came to the field-exercise at the end of the course, he quietly scrapped the official doctrine and tried out his own. It was a theory of 'contingencies'. He studied the terrain, as well as all other elements in the situation. But instead of acting on preconceived assumptions he kept complete freedom of movement and manoeuvre, deployed his forces with suppleness and speed according to changing circumstances, and triumphantly won the whole exercise—scoring off his chief instructor, with whom he became very unpopular.

This clash of attitudes was played out again, on a grander, tragic scale, during the nineteen-thirties. French strategy was still based on *a priori* theories—static defence, Maginot Line. Again De Gaulle, the tank expert, tried to get the government to listen to his ideas: that the speed and striking force of mechanized armoured columns and air-power required tactics of well thought out movement and surprise, not siege warfare. He tried in vain. In Poland and in France Hitler proved him right.

Nothing in De Gaulle's own experience, or his country's, has given him cause to doubt the effectiveness of tactics that shun the

a priori, textbook approach—tactics which rely, instead, on intelligently evaluating the whole situation (including the wiliness of the enemy), on preparing to meet unexpected contingencies by supple manoeuvre, speed of movement, skill in timing and striking.

I believe that this is the main clue to understanding De Gaulle's policies as President of the Republic in these last two years, and especially his handling of the problem of Algeria. De Gaulle has not had a good press in this country. We have been given an impression of his being pushed and pulled by events—of sometimes siding over Algeria with the French settlers and the right, sometimes yielding to pressures from the left, sometimes slapping down army leaders, sometimes giving way to them rather feebly. Certainly, he has not yet ended the war in Algeria, now in its seventh year, and he has often talked in riddles. As a result most commentators have presented him as a belated improviser, with policies at best half-baked, weak and indecisive, and with the pace being set by the extremists of either side.

I think this view is completely wrong. It seems to me that De Gaulle's critics have all overlooked the intelligence and clear 'strategy' behind his Algerian policy and the agility of his tactics. He does not look an agile man. De Gaulle has always had a reputation for stiff-necked stubbornness—an almost Russian aptitude for saying 'no'. But in fact it is his enemies who are being doctrinaire, stubborn, negative. It is he who, in order to defeat them—the 'two enemy packs', as he calls them—has been supple and agile in method, though his consistent and unbending aim has been to get them just where he wants them and to manipulate the whole situation so that his own solution becomes the only possible one.

But that situation has become so confused that it is almost

impossible to decipher the various stages through which De Gaulle has moved towards that solution. He began, as soon as he had become President, with the longest-term part of his strategy, the 'Constantine Programme'. This was a five-year plan for economic expansion, land-redistribution, education, and with Algerians taking a fuller part in the public services. It was calculated to attract the maximum support from the Moslem masses, the minimum opposition from the settlers or the army. But already his final aim was hinted at. 'It is natural', he remarked, 'that Algeria should be built on the dual basis of its personality and its close solidarity with metropolitan France'.

Although perhaps not recognized at the time, this was really a declaration of war on both the extremes: on the champions of *Algérie française* on the one side, and on the F.L.N. and their left supporters who want France to quit Algeria on the other.

Then, in September last year, he moved a step further towards clarifying the issues. He promised Algerians that within four years of peace being restored they could choose freely between three possible futures: secession, or integration, or internal self-government in close association with France. He made no secret that he wanted the third of these. This fact, of course, aroused indignant protest from the die-hard supporters of integration, and helped to bring about the revolt of the wild men of Algiers in January 1960. But although that was eventually crushed, because the army mostly stayed loyal to De Gaulle, the point usually forgotten is that the revolt was touched off by De Gaulle's disciplining of General Massu, the hero of the paratroopers. Its failure meant that he *had* asserted his authority over the army—the key force in the whole situation.

Dramatic Move

Earlier this year De Gaulle made the most dramatic move of all. He reorganized the whole French Community in Africa and put a dozen new, independent African States on the map. It is astonishing that this revolution has been so silent. We need only compare the fate of the French Congo with the fate of the Belgian Congo to see how successful it has been. And the relevance of this to Algeria is that it is much more difficult now to deny some form of real self-government to the Algerians when most of black Africa has gained it so fully: and leaders of the new African states are willing to serve as intermediaries in bringing peace in Algeria. All these stages in De Gaulle's moves towards a solution of the Algerian problem seem to me to fit logically together. I see nothing improvised, nothing half-baked, about them.

To end the actual fighting in Algeria was clearly the next step. In June he began negotiations to find some basis for a truce. Emissaries of the rebel 'Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic' came to Mélung, but the talks ended without agreement. This break-down was a severe setback to De Gaulle's plans for it led to a mounting challenge to them that has culminated in the present war of nerves. His right-wing critics have come more into the open. Jacques Soustelle has formed a new movement (the *Regroupement National*), in alliance with Georges Bidault and with Pierre Poujade, old champions of the settlers. Senior army leaders, like General Salan who had been recalled from Algeria under a cloud, and Marshal Juin, have openly criticized his policy—in defiance of orders not to meddle in politics. At the same time the intellectuals and students on the left have protested against the continuing war in Algeria, and they—like the right—have spoken of 'the sacred right to revolt'. The police—accused of showing partiality to the right—have wielded their truncheons with equal gusto against demonstrators on the left.

De Gaulle's characteristic reaction to this increasing tension has been to speed up his whole programme, not to deviate from it. In a carefully-timed broadcast early in November he spoke of 'an Algerian Republic that will one day exist'. Next, he announced that a referendum would be held in January; made the Minister of Education, M. Louis Joxe, Minister of State for Algerian Affairs; and put a new administrator, M. Jean Morin, in place of M. Delouvrier as Delegate General in Algiers—the exchange was announced and carried out within twenty-four hours. The President clearly means business. His forces are being deployed, and he is setting a faster pace with the triple objective of keeping the initiative, steadying public nerves, and of keeping the obedience of the army and the administration in Algeria. The

strategic plan has at last taken more precise shape and is now approaching its most critical test. And as with all good strategic plans its opponents are only now beginning to suspect its existence and appreciate its aims. De Gaulle must leave them no time to disrupt it.

The beginning of all wisdom about Algeria is, of course, to realize that no purely military solution is possible. Indeed, the French army long ago began acting on this assumption, as when they started to try to make contact with the Moslem population, to run social and educational services, and to study the role of psychology in a revolutionary war. But De Gaulle has gone further. From the beginning, he has treated the Algerian issue as a complex of economic, political, diplomatic and military problems, challenging and taxing all his resources of statecraft.

A Philosophy of Leadership

What makes his practice of statecraft so fascinating is not just that he is a general in politics. The record of French generals in politics—and not only of French generals—is a dismal one. They have usually been out of their depths and dreadfully stupid. Even Napoleon made some bad blunders in politics and diplomacy. What to my mind places De Gaulle in a different category is that his philosophy of generalship, and the strategic principles derived from it, could be made equally applicable to politics because they were a philosophy of all human action in the field of leadership. The most important thing about him as a soldier was not just that he was a tank expert who happened to be proved right in 1940. It was that he regarded leadership as the play of the whole personality upon all relevant circumstances and events—the intelligent application of the human will to given situations. What he attacked were all mechanical notions of behaviour—the fallacy that victory can be prescribed by some simple textbook recipe. The man he most likes to quote is the philosopher, Henri Bergson, on how much reason needs to be supplemented by instinct before a man can grasp all the realities of fast-moving events.

So President de Gaulle, wrestling with the plight of France in Algeria, is still, also, General de Gaulle. He is, indeed, the soldier in politics, but he is also the 'intellectual in politics'. The four books that he published between the wars all dealt, in some degree, with the intricate interplay of warfare and politics, and they revealed as great an interest in psychology and sociology as in professional military matters. During the second world war his position as the leader of the Free French movement involved him again in a world where war and politics were inseparably mixed. He showed himself—in his relations with General Giraud in Algiers, for instance—to be an adroit politician; and even his notorious intransigence towards his allies in London and Washington had a specific political purpose, which he himself explains when he wrote: 'Our grandeur and our strength depend above all on intransigence about whatever concerns the rights of France'. As his war memoirs have shown, De Gaulle is a master of astringent irony and precise self-expression. If he chose, at first, to speak of Algeria in cloudy phrases and in riddles, that, too, was deliberate.

Complex Aim in Algeria

These, I believe, are the qualities of mind, character, and experience that De Gaulle is bringing to bear on the problems of French government and, particularly, the problem of Algeria. The purpose of all he has done, and is doing, is not just to defeat the rebels in battle and re-establish French rule in Algeria, as the right wing wants. Nor is it merely to end the war in Algeria, at all costs, in its seventh year, as the left wing wants. His is a more complex aim, to be achieved by a more complex operation: to create a situation where a wider settlement of French-Algerian relationships becomes possible. It seems fairly clear, from all his speeches and his actions, that he sees only two practical alternatives. One, total secession, would involve partition—some enforced territorial division between a 'French Algeria' and an 'Algerian Algeria'. The other, which he is doing all he can to bring about, is to create a single multi-racial community with large powers of internal self-government but linked with France economically and internationally.

The purpose of the referendum in January is, of course, to

swamp the extremists and dissidents by a demonstration of overwhelming popular backing for this second alternative. The ideal accompaniment to such a vote would be a cease-fire in Algeria itself. In his speech of November 4 De Gaulle hinted—in the cryptic sort of way in which he usually flies a new kite—that the French might even consider a unilateral cease-fire. Then he sent his army minister, Pierre Messmer, and his chief-of-staff, General Ely, to Algeria to explore the actual possibilities, including the reactions of the army on the spot. Immediately the usual rumours began to circulate in Paris, and the army leaders' reactions seemed to be very unfavourable. Given the nature of this guerrilla warfare, with all its terrorism and localized actions, they asked what a one-sided cease-fire would mean. In their view it would only give the enemy a chance to regroup and recruit and plan fresh operations; forbid French troops to fire back at a lurking enemy, and they would get demoralized; and so on. But nevertheless we may be sure that the idea of a unilateral cease-fire, if only as a temporary gesture to encourage truce negotiations, will not now drop completely out of the picture. Another new factor is the threat of Chinese and Soviet aid to the Algerian rebels, which

would help to 'internationalize' the Algerian war at the U.N.

De Gaulle's two-year-old campaign for a settlement in Algeria—for that is what it is—is only the most important sector of his still more complex campaign to build a reorganized French State. He achieved its political and constitutional reorganization two years ago, and he is prepared to adjust it to changing needs. His policy of economic recovery and reform has proved remarkably successful. His projects for social reforms—of education, of housing, of public health—have developed alongside his plans for Algeria. The recent sensational decrees tackling the national affliction of alcoholism are typical of how drastic he is prepared to be. Of course he and his colleagues have made mistakes and suffered setbacks. Any plan can break down, a battle can always be lost. De Gaulle has probably waged his least well-considered battle in the field of foreign policy. But we do much less than justice to France and to her President if we continue—as many do here and in France—to dismiss his policies as confused or half-baked or opportunist. The unique feature of the Fifth Republic, despite its incoherent constitution, is its great steadiness of purpose and its remarkable coherence of policy.

—*Third Programme*

The Coming Referendum on Algeria

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

IN France most people's eyes, ears, and minds have been turned towards Algeria and remained so until the visit of General de Gaulle was over. The President took with him the hopes, the fears, the good wishes and the bad of his sorely divided countrymen; but the majority of them are together at least in their admiration of the courage which led the stern, aloof, seventy-year-old to undertake such a trip at such a time. For the rest, the general feeling was that at the end of the visit there would be a milestone in the evolution of the Algerian problem, though in which direction only time could show.

Just before he left France the General saw to it that the terms of the coming referendum on Algeria were made public. As expected, the referendum document is in two sections: first, a bill confirming the principle of Algerian self-determination once law and order have been restored, and then providing in the meantime a greater measure of Algerian self-rule. So much for the actual bill. The question to be asked of the people is this: do you approve the bill submitted to the French people by the President of the Republic concerning the self-determination of the Algerian population and the organization of the civil power in Algeria before self-determination?

The first thing to be noted is that approval is being asked for two things—the principle of self-determination one of these days, and immediate changes in the administration. The second thing to be noted is that to these two questions only one answer—a simple 'yes' or 'no'—will be allowed. Here let me say that the widespread interest in General de Gaulle's Algerian visit has not prevented a close study of these referendum documents by both

politicians and the press, nor has it prevented reactions of the most varied kind. It is far too early yet to be able to judge what the final attitude of all these sectors of opinion will be, all the more so because General de Gaulle is to broadcast on the twentieth of this month, and what he has to say then may well influence many people.

But some people have already made their views fairly clear and are unlikely to change: the Communists, for example. From them the word has already gone out to the faithful to vote 'no'. For them there is only one solution: immediate negotiations for peace and Algerian self-rule with the people who are doing the fighting—that is the rebel F.L.N. An equally certain 'no' will come from all those to whom anything but a French



President de Gaulle walking through a crowd of Moslem Algerians at Cherchel, about sixty miles west of Algiers, on December 10

Algeria is unthinkable. For the rest, there is a large body of liberal opinion, including the Socialists, who would say 'yes' unhesitatingly to the principle of self-determination, but who still think that the main essential is to put an end to the fighting; and on present showing this can only be done by accepting what they feel is the very reasonable rebel demand for guarantees that there would be a fair vote on self-determination. This the government will not do.—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

Survey of International Affairs 1955-1956, by Geoffrey Barraclough and Rachel F. Wall, has been issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Oxford, £2 10s.).

Three Aspects of Stuart England by Sir George Clark, the Whidden Lectures for 1960 delivered at McMaster University, Ontario, has been published (Oxford, 8s. 6d.). The aspects which Sir George deals with are: 'Insularity', 'Social Structure', and 'Freedom'.

Federal Economics: Illusion and Reality

S. HERBERT FRANKEL on the Monckton Commission's Report

THE Monckton Commission's Report is in my opinion a great essay in persuasion, and of relevance far beyond the borders of Africa. It is an attempt to overcome the forces which keep men apart and disrupt communities, and to strengthen those which draw men together and maintain them. It is an attempt to foster the co-operant activities on which every economy depends, and to curtail the shattering forces of disintegration. Finally, it is an attempt to provide ways and means which will further racial harmony and so overcome one of the greatest obstacles to common endeavour in Central Africa.

It may well depend on the Federal Review Conference whether the forces of disruption or of integration will prevail.* The struggle which will be fought out across the conference table is a symptom of the world-wide tensions of our time. The Majority Report of the Commission says: 'One of the greatest arguments in favour of the continuance of Federation is that it exists and has existed for the past seven years'. The clear purpose of the Report is to maintain the established framework and adapt it to new tasks, rather than to unleash a host of problems by destroying the very basis of order and progress.

Alternative Solutions

The Commissioners frankly admit that on many points of detail they are not agreed, or clear as to the best course of action. They frequently suggest alternative solutions to particular problems, suggestions which should prove to be of great value as a basis of discussion at the conference. But it must be borne in mind that the Commission dealt with conditions during the very short period since Federation and not with the history of what led up to them. This has given the critics of the Report the opportunity to discuss Federation in a kind of a-historical vacuum, as if it were merely a rather accidental and unhappy interlude, and to imply that, should Federation break up, everything would revert to what it was before Federation was thought of.

What exists in Africa, however, has had a long history and Central Africa is no exception. Unfortunately, much of it is the history of static tribal subsistence economies: poverty-stricken owing to their isolation from each other and the outside world. It has taken more than sixty years to break down some of these environmental and social barriers and to free a part of this vast area—equivalent to half the size of western Europe—from the shackles of the past. Nevertheless, the introduction of modern government has led to such a rapid growth of population that it is probable that more people in Central Africa are now still living at or near to subsistence standards than at any previous time.

In 1910, the total population of the three territories was about 2,500,000. In 1958, it was nearly 7,500,000, and only one-third of these were earning or receiving some money income as dependents. The rest were still outside the modern economy. Modern economic development could not keep pace with the growth of population. This was primarily because what is nowadays called economic growth does not depend, unfortunately, merely on the desire to have it. It depends on a community's success in utilizing such natural resources as happen to be available, or on finding new ones.

The modern economy of the three territories has been inter-linked from the very beginning of economic development as it spread slowly from the south since the turn of the century. It depends mainly on its highly specialized agricultural and mineral exports; and on the employment of workers drawn over great distances from all three territories. Its main economic activities are all, for the most part, built on the foundations of the common railway system of Southern and Northern Rhodesia. The areas this system has served have been the melting-pot of custom and the source of new hope for those able to escape from the rural isolation of the past. Already some twenty-five years ago, when

there were only 250,000 Africans in employment in Southern Rhodesia, more than half of them came from the other two territories and from Portuguese East Africa. Since then their number has doubled, but the proportion from outside Southern Rhodesia has actually increased. No less than 40 per cent. of all Nyasaland wage-earners work in Southern Rhodesia.

The fundamental fact has to be faced that the modern economy of Central Africa has always been an organic unity. It has never existed as three separate entities. At no time was its basic development disrupted by divergent national policies. On the contrary, it proceeded under the same forms of government and the same British commercial laws and institutions. Its custom tariffs and other economic arrangements furthered the movement of capital, labour, and enterprise between them.

It is, in short, essential to realize that Federation was the outcome, not the origin, of this territorial interdependence of modern economy. Federation strengthened the various territorial regions precisely because it enabled new activities to be undertaken on behalf of all—which none acting separately had the technical or administrative resources, or financial standing, to undertake.

So that I much doubt the usefulness of attempts to measure the success or failure of Federation by wrestling with various economic indices constructed for other purposes, such as those which may indicate changes in the rate of economic growth since 1954. The period since then is in any case far too short, and the statistics too crude, to establish any meaningful growth comparison with the conditions before Federation. The period is also too short for the application of highly sophisticated techniques of National Accounting—even if they are considered to be applicable to territories which over such large areas have as yet hardly emerged from the twilight between the primitive and the modern economic world. However, the basic objection to the use of all such measures to judge the utility of Federation is that they are irrelevant. Whatever they may be said to show, or fail to show, about the rate of growth as a result of Federation, there is no possible way of proving that economic growth would have been greater without Federation.

Benefits of Federation

No impartial student of the Monckton Commission's Report, and of the detailed economic documents published with it, can, I believe, doubt the accuracy of its general conclusions about the benefits Federation has brought with it. Federation has clearly contributed to a great upsurge in economic activity, immigration, employment, capital investment, and general economic advance. It is well known that much of this was due to the expansion of the copper mines whose fluctuating fortunes exerted a large influence on economic conditions in all three territories. This was emphasized by the Commission itself. But what is overlooked by those who doubt the benefits which Federation has brought is that the consequent secondary economic expansion is most unlikely to have taken place if the three territories had pitted their efforts against each other instead of pooling them.

It is significant that the critics of Federation, while vocal in regard to questions which concern the division of the benefits of Federation, are mostly silent about the consequences of its dissolution. They can suggest little more than international charity to replace the capital investment the Federation has encouraged.

But the question of what will happen if the Federation is dissolved cannot be so lightly dismissed. There are in the Federation over 1,000,000 African wage earners and some 111,000 economically active Europeans whose livelihood depends upon the answer to that question. If history teaches anything at all, it is that once old patterns have been disrupted, they are not likely to be re-established. It is, in my opinion, completely illusory to believe that, if Federation were to break down, the three territories

would simply get together on some other lines to re-create the unity which they had just permitted to be destroyed.

Already the belief has been nurtured, irresponsibly, that there are spoils to be had by other means; the expansion of the copper mines in Northern Rhodesia has already led to much covetous calculating, to show how much better off that territory might be if it were to leave the Federation and attempt to wrest more golden, or perhaps I should say copper, eggs from the common nest for itself. This was precisely the kind of narrow political arithmetic which nearly wrecked the economies of the four South African colonies before Union. With the growth of the Transvaal gold-mining industry after the Boer War there developed an inter-colonial war for the share of the railway revenues, harbour dues, and customs duties to which the gold mining gave rise. Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed. If Union had not come about, it is most unlikely that the people of South Africa, both European and non-European, would now be receiving average incomes per head greatly in excess of those of any other country in the African continent.

Ignoring a Crucial Point

In retrospect it is most illuminating to look back to the economic bargaining which went on in South Africa over the division of the spoils and types of subsidy to be paid to one or the other of the future constituent provinces of the Union. One realizes how petty the demands were, in view of the great economic opportunities for all which unfolded after Union had been established. It seems to me that Mr. Hazlewood in his broadcast talk* fell victim to a similar error. Referring to the fact that 'the development of manufacturing has taken place overwhelmingly in Southern Rhodesia', he went on to say: 'It is not surprising that Nyasaland Africans do not appreciate an arrangement which increases their cost of living in order to stimulate industry in Southern Rhodesia'. But this is to ignore the crucial point that the tariff is a Federal one and was not imposed *against* Nyasaland for the benefit of Southern Rhodesia but was devised in the interests of the Federation as a whole and to protect industry wherever it could best be established. There is no evidence at all that Nyasaland would be better off by contracting out of that arrangement. Mr. Hazlewood, however, wants it both ways, and complains that since Southern Rhodesia already had industries before the Federal Tariff came into force, Nyasaland now has increasing difficulty in establishing new industries against her. But in all this hypothetical calculating, there is no reference to what industries, if any, Nyasaland could economically establish, even at the expense of her neighbours.

It may seem more likely that Northern Rhodesia might after all be on a better wicket if it were to shed its Federal connexions. But those who permit themselves to be dazzled by its mining wealth, are, I believe, deceiving themselves. They overlook not only the economic interdependence of the modern industrial complex of the Federation, but the difficulty Northern Rhodesia would face in trying to develop its large backward population on the basis of revenues derived largely from a single export product and one so vulnerable as copper is to changes in world demand. Even now 16 per cent. of Northern Rhodesian wage earners cannot find employment at home and have to work in Southern Rhodesia.

The basic strategy of the Monckton Report consists in recommending the transfer of more economic functions and responsibilities to the territorial governments in order to prevent the break-up of the Federal framework, which it is in the interest of all the territories to maintain. The main purpose of this transfer is, I believe, to allay the deep fears of Federation which have arisen from the discriminations of the past with their frequently unjust and economically harmful consequences. The Commission specifically recommends that no subject should be divided between the Federal and Territorial governments on a racial basis. As a final safeguard, it proposes that discrimination should be outlawed by means of a Bill of Rights and special machinery to enforce its provisions. I can only refer briefly to one economic aspect of these political and constitutional proposals: namely to the fact that all alternatives have their cost. Even the cost of allaying fears—and especially fears which are exaggerated or unfounded—may at times prove too high in terms of productive efficiency and preventable human suffering through unemployment and poverty.

As I see it, two dangers face the Federal Review Conference. The first is that extreme African opinion will reject even the loose Federal framework proposed by the Commission because of continuing fear of European domination and unfair discrimination. The second is that Europeans will reject it because of fear that the Commission's proposals go too far in diluting the central economic functions of the Federation, with the consequence that the economic efficiency of its constituent parts will in practice be undermined; and the viability of the Federation as a whole, in relation to the world economy, will be endangered.

A Mistaken Attitude

In my view there are dangers, recognized by some of the Commissioners, in the devolution of excessive economic powers to the territorial governments at the expense of the Central Government. To avoid this it is necessary that the real nature of the benefits of Federation should not be misconceived. Federation should not be regarded as providing a cornucopia whose plentiful gifts have merely to be distributed through new powers over taxation and expenditure by the Territories and greater control by them over functions which are now Federal. This mistaken attitude is reflected in a phrase in the Monckton Report which describes Federation as 'an entity stronger than the sum of its parts'. This I believe is incorrect. What Federation, or any other association, can do is to make the parts stronger than they were by increasing their productive powers; though not necessarily in equal proportions. Because the parts are so strengthened the whole is strengthened also. This, incidentally, is what is meant by saying that Federation increases the creditworthiness of the territories. But if the devolution of economic powers from the Federal to the territorial authorities reduces economic efficiency the Federation will be correspondingly weakened and the additional wealth available for distribution correspondingly less. The issue to be faced is not how to find new ways of sharing existing benefits but how to devise new ways of increasing the benefits to be shared.

I believe that the best hope of avoiding the impasse which threatens the Federal Review Conference lies in getting the parties concerned to face the real costs—in terms of the livelihood and employment of their people—which will be entailed by clinging to positions of political principle and ideology.

The greater the resistance to maintaining the co-operant forces in the three territories of the Federation, the more certain in my opinion is the danger of economic collapse in one or more of them. The writing on the wall in the Congo is plain for all to see. With startling suddenness a country which was making a valuable and significant contribution to the world economy has become a burden on its charity. Nobody yet knows how to finance even that, in the face of the disastrous collapse of modern government, administration, and enterprise. There were in the Congo about the same number of African wage earners in the modern economy as there are in the Federation, and a rapidly increasing number now find themselves unemployed and completely at a loss where and to whom to turn for support. It seems to me nearly incredible that there are people prepared to risk the same fate for the Federation by their unwillingness to preserve constructive co-operant economic institutions within a Federal framework. That is the only basis, I believe, on which the abolition of racial barriers and other political and social matters can be negotiated, and any faith in the future of these territories be justified.

More than an Experiment

'The immediate reaction to the dissolution of the Federation both inside and outside the area', says the Monckton Report, 'would be that a great experiment had failed'. But it is much more than an experiment in the sense of something which can be commenced and broken off at will, and started all over again. What we are dealing with is a process of social and economic evolution—an evolution that has been progressing for a very long time and is now, throughout southern Africa, moving away from the ignorant prejudice which often accompanied it. To interrupt it now would delay for decades the essential process of integration of the backward regions of Africa into the world economy, upon which millions of men and women depend for their livelihood and progress.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

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Living Portraits

SOMETIMES one is impelled to ask oneself as one walks round an exhibition like that of 'The Age of Charles II', now on view at the Royal Academy: 'Did these people ever really live?' The figures of the kings and queens, often idealized, are distinctive enough: the portraits painted by Van Dyck and, to a lesser extent, Lely or John Michael Wright, have quality; and men of science, such as Robert Boyle and Isaac Newton, stand out from the society leaders with genius stamped upon their faces. But so many of them, with their wigs and furbelows, their staffs and classical backgrounds, look strangely alike on some dark canvas 300 years old. As to the women, it is hard to think that they once excited passion or envy. What gave Louise de Kérouaille her prolonged hold on King Charles II so that she remained his mistress-*en-titre* until he died? How is it that portraits of Nell Gwyn, that attractive Cockney comedienne, could ever have been wrongly ascribed? And outside the portraits—much of which is work equivalent to that of the modern fashionable photographers, the Cecil Beaton and Karshes of our own time—what had English art to offer? There is scarcely a landscape to depict what England was like in the reign of King Charles II. Even the seascapes, recording battles in which the royal navy was usually beaten, were generally the work of Dutchmen. And of course neither of the masters, Van Dyck and Lely, was an Englishman.

Through the devoted work of Mr. Oliver Millar and his colleagues we have learned the best case possible to be made for pictorial art in the reign of Charles II. But one cannot but nurse the hope that portraits of our generation will be better preserved for the benefit of posterity. One wonders whether, for example, the pictures painted by Graham Sutherland or the busts sculpted by Epstein will survive the passage of 300 years and allow our descendants (if there are any then) to imagine the personalities and attraction of the outstanding men and women of today. (Surely beautiful and attractive women will not be reduced to the dead level of Charles II's harem?) And here too it is possible that colour photography, the cinema, and the television recordings will have a part to play. Even early photographs, like that of Abraham Lincoln, or early films, like pre-1914 cinema newsreels, keep alive for us historical beings at historic moments. We can, whenever we wish to do so, watch our Prime Ministers making speeches, see our monarchy at work, or study the leaders of other nations as they flit through London airport.

Naturally nothing will ever afford a complete substitute for the impressions made by the great upon the living. And for a span of two or three lives such impressions can be retained, as, for example, Tolstoy's daughter revives for us the memories of her father in a broadcast talk which we publish this week upon another page. From our grandfathers have been handed down thumb-nail sketches of Charles Dickens giving a public lecture or Gladstone delivering his last orations in the House of Commons. That is why, if we return to the seventeenth century, Charles II lives more vividly in the pages of Pepys, or William III in the recorded observations of the Marquis of Halifax, than they do on any canvas. There we see the men in their wigs and robes; but we still ask ourselves, as Thackeray did of their contemporary, King Louis XIV of France, what were these men really like underneath?

What They Are Saying

The Moscow manifesto

THE MOSCOW MANIFESTO of the world's communist parties was discussed in broadcasts and newspaper articles of many countries. In the United States *The Washington Star* said there was nothing in the manifesto to encourage hope that any reduction of tensions was imminent. On all fronts—military, economic, and political—any relaxation of preparedness would be suicidal. And *The New York Times* wrote of the manifesto:

Its contents must disappoint anyone who hoped that the long and tortuous negotiations might do something to help the cause of world peace. After one has waded through the mass of verbiage, the central policy directive becomes plain. It is a directive to communists the world over to step up in every way possible the war against free men using every possible weapon from armed revolution to diplomatic negotiations. If the statement recognizes the enormous damage the third world war would do to all humanity, it largely negates the force of that recognition by advocating policies which increase the danger of war, and by arguing that if such a conflict broke out only capitalism would be buried.

In Italy the reaction of the newspaper *Il Popolo* was similar. It said that there would be bitter disappointment for all those who, in recent years, had struggled generously and honourably to reduce international tension and to overcome the opposition of the two power blocs. The West German newspaper *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* considered that the West had been challenged by Moscow as well as by Peking in a manner which did not brook delay. 'The quarrel between the leaders of the various Communist Parties as regards methods', said the newspaper, 'is only of marginal interest to us in the West. The challenge on the part of communism remains the essential'. In Switzerland the newspaper *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* thought the statement left no doubt that peaceful coexistence must be understood not as the end of the active struggle for the victory of communism in the world but as the creation of better conditions for the destruction of the Western democracies. The Australian *Hobart Mercury* also believed that it would be fatal for the free world to accept the idea that peaceful coexistence was going to transform the cold war into a friendly competition between the two world systems.

In France the socialist newspaper *Le Populaire*, writing of the Sino-Soviet aspect of the Moscow Manifesto, remarked that in 1957 Peking and Moscow had made a contract of marriage. But during the last three years China had torn so many holes in this contract that one might justly ask whether in the future she would apply the principles which had been defined in the declaration. *Le Monde* wrote in similar vein.

Broadcasters in communist-ruled eastern Europe, on the other hand, regarded this kind of comment as calumny. Thus a transmission on Warsaw home service said:

The imperialist world, especially those leading circles in the West which desperately cling to the cold war and would like to push mankind into a hot war are doubtless disappointed at the results of the Moscow conference. They expected fragmentation, a split, divergency of views among the leaders of the communist movement. But the statement unanimously adopted by all members of the conference showed the unity of views and attitudes of all its participants.

East European commentators stressed the value of the Moscow Manifesto in denouncing revisionism (in several cases Yugoslavia was mentioned), dogmatism, and sectarianism. The Rumanian home service said:

The Moscow conference has armed the Communist and Workers' Parties in the fight against revisionism, the principal danger in the workers' movement. The continued unmasking of the Yugoslav variety of revisionism is a necessary task of the Communist and Workers' Parties. At the same time the conference drew attention to the harmful nature of dogmatism and sectarianism, which lead to the sclerosis of the Communist Parties, to isolation from the masses, and to naive and adventurist actions.

Belgrade radio complained that the Moscow manifesto had repeated 'the usual slanders' against Yugoslavia.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

ST. NICHOLAS

'SAINT NICHOLAS is probably the most popular saint in the whole of the year's calendar', said ERIC MATHIESON in 'Today' (Home Service). 'He is usually shown as an old man, with a long white beard, in a red cloak and hood trimmed with white fur. St. Nicholas is in fact the original Santa Claus, the saint beloved of sailors, pawnbrokers, and children.'

'Let us take them in that order. He was Bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, in the fourth century. He nearly got shipwrecked once on a voyage to the Holy Land; there was a tremendous storm and all the sailors thought everything was lost, but Nicholas's prayers got them safely to harbour. Many Mediterranean sailors still believe that in a bad storm St. Nicholas will appear, if he is called for, and steer the ship to safety.'

'In his early days, Nicholas once provided the wedding dowry for three poor sisters in the form of three bags of gold which he threw through the window for them; and, nowadays, pawnbrokers use three golden balls as their sign to remind people that they are at least as munificent as he was.'

'Nicholas was one of the Bishops at the famous Council of Nicea in 324. We are told that he became so worked up about some of the things that the heretic Arius was saying that he punched Arius on the chin. One account of this incident ends: "The story itself bears witness to the humane spirit which exalts this earliest council above its successors".'

'But it is as the children's saint that Nicholas will always be chiefly remembered. This started with a famine in his diocese. Nicholas called at an inn on his travels and the inn-keeper produced some salted meat for his guests; but, before they could start eating, Nicholas stopped them and told them that the wicked inn-keeper had murdered three little boys and pickled them to supplement the meat ration! So Nicholas worked a miracle, brought the three little boys back to life and had the wicked inn-keeper punished. And, ever since, Nicholas has been the saint who specially looks after children'.

IVORY ON THE KEYS

At St. Ives, in Cornwall, is a factory—one of only three in the world—that makes ivory piano-keys. KENNETH HUDSON, the B.B.C.'s industrial correspondent in the West Region, talked of the factory in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'The firm was founded in 1800', he said, 'in good time for the Victorian piano boom, by the great-grandfather of the present proprietor, Mr. Harris; and it is obviously an extremely healthy



'St. Nicholas of Bari throwing three golden balls to a destitute girl'

and stimulating profession, because Mr. Harris's father was still cutting ivory when he was ninety-eight—but not at St. Ives. The factory was originally in London, and it was moved down to Cornwall in 1941 after a bomb had demolished the old premises.

'The ivory is bought as tusks at the London Docks, and either Mr. Harris himself, or his son, journeys east four times a year to buy what they want. The market has been difficult lately, partly because of a strike which meant that a large amount of ivory could not be got off the ships, and partly because of the troubles in the Congo. So, when I was at St. Ives, Mr. Harris had no more than £4,000-worth of tusks to show me, propped up in racks round a room a little bigger than a railway compartment. This room also contained a most interesting piece of history, in the shape of a mammoth tusk which was one of the last to be exported from Russia nearly fifty years ago.'

'Elephant ivory costs about 30s. a pound. At this sort of price it is marked out and cut with much care, and the width of the saw cut is kept to an absolute minimum. The odd-shaped pieces that come from the outside of the tusk are sold easily to the craftsmen who make the smaller musical instruments, cigarette-holders, and various types of human adornment. The little wafer-like slips that are destined for the tops of piano keys are bleached to a dazzling whiteness that goes right through the ivory, by a lengthy process which is partly chemical and partly Cornish sunlight. The veneers are spread out on trays in big glasshouses.'

'Once they are bleached the veneers are graded and sorted into perfectly matched sets. Ivory varies in its grain, and it is essential that the whole keyboard should look the same. The Japanese prefer veneers with a strongly figured grain, and it is not easy to supply them with all they want, because they make a large number of pianos nowadays. But Mr. Harris's customers cover the whole world, and he travels exten-



'The Miracle of St. Nicholas': both paintings are by Gentile da Fabriano and are in the Vatican Museum

sively to meet them and to exchange piano stories with them. He does an excellent business with America and he keeps up his firm's old trade with the eastern European countries, particularly Czechoslovakia, Poland, and East Germany. Competition from the much cheaper plastic veneers does not worry him much because, he says, makers of high-quality pianos, and first-rate pianists, insist on ivory'.

THE ELUSIVE MR. HOOD

'This year, according to some authorities', said ALBERT MAKINSON in 'The Northcountryman', 'is the eight-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robin Hood; but, according to others, it is about 600 years since he died. It is generally agreed that he died at a ripe old age, but he certainly was not 200 years old—though you might think he would have to be, to get through all the adventures attributed to him. What is the explanation?

'There are several explanations, but none is entirely satisfactory. The simplest of them suggests that he never existed at all: he was just a folk-myth, the personification of a woodland sprite. That easily disposes of all arguments about dates, but to me it makes the stories quite pointless. Whoever heard of a sheriff pursuing a folk-myth?

'If we cling to the belief that Robin Hood was a real person, then we can choose between two main theories. The better-known puts him back in the reign of Richard the Lion Heart and involves him with Prince John and his bunch of bold, bad barons. According to that theory, it is likely that he was born about 1160. According to the other theory Robin flourished in the thirteen-twenties, in the reign of Edward II. The evidence for this is strong. In the oldest of the Robin Hood ballads the King is Edward, not Richard or John; and it was about that time that the long bow reached a pitch of development that would make Robin's prowess possible. Moreover, there is no written record of Robin Hood as a *famous* outlaw until the thirteen-seventies: so that would fit in well, too. Otherwise the records are not very helpful—Robert or Robin Hood was a common enough name, and one Robin Hood or another seems to have been in trouble with the law at every period between 1200 and 1500. For instance, there was a Robin Hood of Wakefield in Edward II's reign. In fact, I think there could be no doubt that this theory is the right one if only we could explain how the stories came to be "put back" a century and a quarter.

'There is a precise parallel across the Pennines, near Wigan. Sir William Bradshaw of Haigh Hall was away at the Crusades—according to the legend—and his wife, Lady Mabel, thinking him dead, married again. When he returned she had to do penance by walking barefoot every week to a place that is still called Mab's Cross. Sir Walter Scott made use of this tale in *The Betrothed*. The only trouble with the story is that it seems to be set in the reign of Richard I, like the Robin Hood stories; but in fact Sir William Bradshaw and Lady Mabel lived in the reign of Edward II; and Sir William never went on a Crusade—he was exiled for political reasons.

'The political wrangles of the thirteen-twenties were sordid affairs, and neither side emerged unblemished. It would never do to suggest that such a popular hero as Sir William, or Robin Hood, was concerned in anything so disreputable. And that, I suggest, is why the stories were gradually transferred to the more romantic atmosphere of Richard the Lion Heart, John, and the Crusades. I am not suggesting that the tales told about him are all true, but many of them may have a sound historical foundation, and we may be reasonably certain that Robin Hood actually existed'.

LORD OF THE MANOR

'Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, the tenth baronet, was born in 1787, succeeded to the title at the age of seven, and held it for seventy-five years', said ALAN GIBSON in 'Round-up' (West of England Home Service). 'The family owned a number of manors, and were by tradition good and generous landlords, but Selworthy, in Somerset, seems to have been a favourite.

'Times could be very hard in the country in 1860. "Often", says a Selworthy woman of that time, "I had nothing to give my children for their breakfast save some bran from the pig's tub fried with a little lard. And when they came home tired and wet, and cold, it went to my heart to have to send them crying with hunger to bed. It was a rare treat indeed when some kind farmer would give me a few turnips out of his field to boil for supper".

'Sir Thomas Acland was always forward with help in times of distress. Social historians have sometimes been rather cynical about the soup in the manor-house boiler, and certainly it was a limited philanthropy, but the Aclands did not confine themselves to good works in the palliative sense. They were interested in education, worked for improvement through legislation, and founded a new school at Allerton. It had an interesting constitution:

belonging neither to the National nor British Societies—the two religious bodies which were then almost entirely responsible for cheap popular education—it had its own board of governors jointly elected by the parents and the subscribers. Sir Thomas was also interested, as comparatively few Victorians were, in town and country planning. He foresaw the threat of uncontrolled urban development to the countryside. He wanted to keep Selworthy beautiful, but he also insisted that his tenants should have decent houses to live in. He restored with much care old cottages round Selworthy Green, and let them rent free to the old and the poor; relaid the Green itself and planted the then bare hill above it. Forty miles of walks, bridle paths over the woods and cliffs, were said to open out from the wicket gate on the Green, almost all planned and laid out by Sir Thomas and his son.

'Every Sunday after service he would climb thecombe above Selworthy Church, surrounded by his numerous children and grandchildren, seeking to train them "by his example and conversation"—so the memorial to him at the head of thecombe put it—"in all things pure and true". For all that part of Exmoor, he was a kind of one-man National Parks Commission, planting trees, building walls, mending farmsteads. It is not an accident that Selworthy is still a famous beauty spot'.



Selworthy village in Somerset

Reece Winstone

Art and Anarchy

The Mechanization of Art

The fifth of six Reith Lectures by EDGAR WIND

IT might be thought that an artistic performance and a mechanical event cannot possibly have anything in common. An artistic performance is a creative act, unique and unrepeatable, whereas it is of the very essence of a mechanical event that it can be repeated, and often is. To say that a creative artist would not incline to repeat himself exactly is an understatement: he is incapable of doing so. If two paintings ascribed to a great master look identical, it is more than likely that at least one of them is a copy by another hand. The rule is as valid in the study of art as it is in the study of handwriting. A man's signature varies because he writes spontaneously. If two signatures are exactly the same, one of them is suspected of being forged.

There are anecdotes about Mozart which illustrate the point rather well in music, even though they may be legendary. It is said that Mozart was sometimes asked for copies of his compositions, particularly those which he had extemporized, because listeners were anxious to secure their preservation, preferably in his own hand; but when Mozart obliged a friend by making a copy, it was found that he had continued to compose in the act of writing so that all sorts of spirited little variations were unexpectedly introduced. It is said that this happened even when he copied from a finished script. He seemed incapable of rewriting the music mechanically; he was inadvertently rephrasing it. The act of copying an old piece of music turned into a new musical invention.

An Old Belief

If mechanical repetition is thus regarded as the direct opposite of the creative act, there would seem to be some excuse for holding fast to the old belief that art is degraded by mechanization. I call it an old belief because it antedates our age by at least 500 years. The invention of printing, for example, and the use of woodcuts for the illustration of books, filled the Duke of Urbino, the famous Federigo da Montefeltro, with such dismay that he would not permit a printed book to enter his library. For him the act of reading a classical text—and he was an enthusiastic student of ancient literature—was desecrated by the contemplation of a printed page. Words that were beautifully written by a scribe seemed to address his eye and mind in a personal way which was obliterated by mechanical type; and a manuscript illuminated by hand-painted miniatures gave him a pleasure which no woodcut could equal.

It would be easy to dismiss this attitude as sheer snobbery, the kind of preciousness that is sometimes found among modern collectors who have turned Veblen's principle of conspicuous waste into a policy of sound investment. They would not deign to look at—let alone buy—one of Renoir's splendidly coloured lithographs, or a superb etching by Manet, because these objects are not unique. What can be the pleasure and the purpose of possessing a work of art if dozens of other people possess it as well?

That an ingredient of that sort of vanity may have entered into the Duke of Urbino's disdain of printing, I would not deny: but there is more to it than that. The first printed books were made to look like manuscripts, they were designed to give the same satisfaction, and were even doctored up by hand-painted initials, or by coloured washes imposed on the woodcuts, or by being printed specially on vellum, to satisfy the kind of fastidious taste which the Duke of Urbino had cultivated. He cannot therefore be entirely blamed for having regarded this new manufacture as an impertinent and vulgar cheat.

It is one of the recurrent features in the mechanization of any art that its first appearance looks like fake, because it models itself on an unmechanized or less mechanized art. Before the film had found its own idiom, it looked like degraded theatre,

just as television now often looks like degraded film. Thus, when Ruskin spoke of what he called 'vile manufacture', he did not mean to distinguish between vile and honourable manufacture. All manufacture seemed to him vile because it was the opposite of honourable craftsmanship, in which the artisan controlled his work by his own hand, whereas in manufacture the production was surrendered to a machine, an automaton which mimicked and falsified living craftsmanship and thus was nothing but its cheap, deceptive double.

Small Shapes Transposed to a Huge Scale

There is no denying that there are aspects of mechanization which justify Ruskin's opinion. In the creation of monumental sculpture, for example, artists often confine their work to a small model and entrust the enlargement to a mechanical instrument which, point by point, transposes the small shapes to a huge scale. Thus the shapes are treated as if they were indifferent to size, although every perceptive artist knows that they are not. The machine cannot introduce the necessary modulations by itself, they ought to be adjusted by the artist's sensibility, but he has resigned that important function for the convenience of an automatism, which makes monumental sculpture look vacant.

The reverse problem arises with medals or coins. Here it is convenient to make the model on a scale that is larger than the final object, and to entrust the reduction of size again to a machine, as if minute sculpture did not require different modelling from sculpture of a larger size. As a result, our coins and medals look, on the whole, as vacant as our public monuments.

Whenever a machine is thus allowed to impose its own habits on the artist, it replaces a creative act of discernment by an automatic process of repetition. The effect is familiar from prefabricated buildings, or buildings which embody prefabricated parts. In the monotony of certain ready-made windows, for example, architecture is victimized by mechanics. I hasten to add that these dreary cases speak not against mechanization as such, but only against bad and inflexible mechanization, an unimaginative use of machinery which the creative modern architects have triumphantly overcome. Entering as they do into the spirit of a mechanized process, with the same intimacy as the manual craftsman felt for the tool in his hand, they project their imagination into every part of the mechanism, and thus render mechanization itself expressive. In such cases we do not have a 'mechanization of art', but on the contrary an artistic use of mechanics; and if this ideal relationship of mechanical instrument to art were universal, I could stop my talk at this very moment.

Borrowed Rhetoric

But we know too well that even these modern achievements are travestied by 'vile manufacture'. The streamlined constructions required for aeroplanes and racing cars are transferred to cars not intended for such speeds which, however, want to suggest efficiency by borrowed rhetoric. Thus the stream-lined taxicab is built so low that we must double ourselves up in order to get in or out of it. The beautiful and comfortable chairs invented by Mies van der Rohe are parodied in the mass-produced, stream-lined chair constructed according to a technological idea of being seated and hence allowing no one to sit as he pleases. The stream-lined knife, fork, and spoon are likely to interfere with the act of eating by making us needlessly conscious of it. The false rhetoric of mechanization persistently obliges us to look sharp. We thus reverse the effect of those antimacassars which obliged even Ruskin to look comfortable.

It would be tempting to dismiss the false rhetoric of mechanization as a passing fashion which need not be taken too

seriously, were it not that many cities are already disfigured by fake-modern buildings, which will stand for a long time. In modern architectural designing, it requires exceptional powers of imagination and resistance not to let any part of the machinery usurp a function that belongs to the architect himself. The temptation to let the machine have its way is greater than ever, just because new machinery calls for a new architectural imagination. Perhaps that helps to explain why modern buildings are either superb or miserable. The tension is too great to allow for decent mediocrity. In that respect modern architecture is indeed like an aeroplane or a racing car. The only alternative to perfection is calamity.

Thus there is a great deal of truth left in Ruskin's theory that whenever an artist delegates part of his own function to an ancillary machine, 'vile manufacture' is likely to result. An eloquent demonstration of this rule today is to be found in the mechanical refacing of ancient buildings. They need to be refaced, and there can be no doubt that modern building processes are different from the ancient. Hence every stage of the refacing would seem to require an act of architectural reinterpretation, comparable to the kind of reflection that guides a literary editor when he tries to convey the sense of an ancient and ill-preserved text in a modern version. Replacements cannot be made mechanically. No modern machinery can produce the exact double of an old façade. Where such mechanical repetitions have been attempted, they look like replicas or facsimiles. One day they may be studied as classic examples of the innocent kind of self-delusion that characterizes a mechanical age.

The same reflections might be extended to the so-called 'scientific' cleaning of pictures. Much picture-cleaning has been done conscientiously, for there are many conscientious restorers; but in such cases the process must always be guided by an awareness that the restorer is interpreting the picture at every moment. The danger enters when the restorer thinks that he can reduce the burden of interpretation by delegating the major part of it to chemical processes which will remove superimposed layers of paint and varnish and lay bare the artist's unadulterated work. The belief that a painting of the fifteenth century can be returned with scientific certainty to its pristine state is of course a chemical as well as an historical absurdity. Restoration remains an adventure.

That these adventures are often pursued today in a reckless spirit, and on a much larger scale than should be necessary, is due to a scientific as well as an aesthetic fashion. The notion that every old picture must be cleaned resembles certain outdated medical fashions which made it obligatory at one time for every person to have his appendix removed. In the cleaning of pictures these operations are encouraged by a desire for freshness at any cost, even if it entails fragmentation. After a picture has been decomposed, the painting is 'honestly' left in a half-raw state—an artificial ruin or, to put it more charitably, a carefully prepared scientific specimen.

In many modern museums the technical departments are assuming a predominant importance. And—what is perhaps not fully realized—the day may come when their treatment of pictures will be datable to the year. The historian of art will recognize the style of cleaning as easily as he recognizes the style of over-painting: for no one can jump over his own shadow.

By a strange paradox certain pictures, after they have been

excessively cleaned in the hope of returning the paint to a supreme freshness, begin to look like mechanical reproductions which tend to harden and arrest the effect of a painting. It is not impossible that the satisfaction aroused by paintings reduced to that state is connected with the fact that our vision has increasingly been trained on photographs and other reproductions, which tend to over-define an image in one direction by fixing it to a mechanical scale.

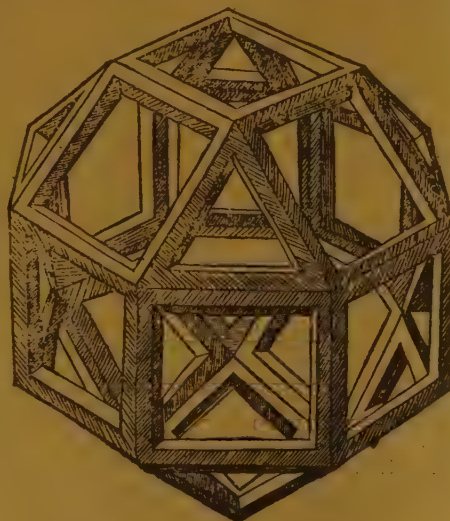
That our vision of art has been transformed by photography is obvious. Our eyes have been sharpened to those particular features in painting and sculpture which are brought out effectively by a camera. Nor is it the spectator alone whose vision has been transformed by these mechanical inventions. It applies to the creative artist as well. We can see the growth of a pictorial and sculptural imagination which is positively attuned to photographic transposition. Certain modern paintings and sculptures are photogenic to a surprising degree: they seem to find a kind of fulfilment in photographic dramatization. One often wonders whether the ultimate hope of a painter or sculptor today, apart from having his works accessible in a museum, would not be to see them diffused in photographs and comprehensive picture books.

We have heard much of the 'museum without walls'. What is optimistically called by that name is in fact a museum on paper—a paper-world of art in which the epic oratory of André Malraux assures us that all art is composed in one single key, and that huge monuments and small coins have the same plastic eloquence if transferred to the scale of the printed page. Although it is a hard word to use for his fascinating books, they show traces of mechanization: their production is typical of an outlook on art which neutralizes plastic differences by photographic and verbal simplification. The noble faith that all art is one becomes indistinguishable from the fallacy that all art is the same.

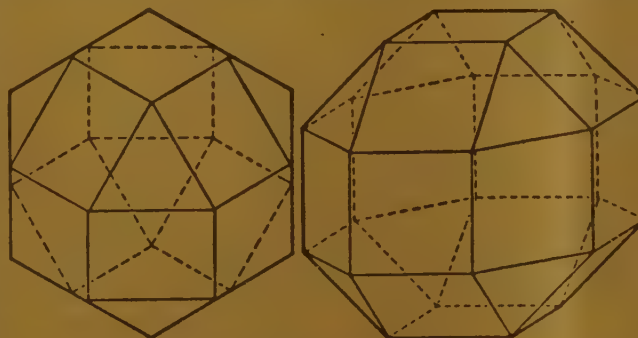
If mechanical diffusion has transformed our outlook on the visual arts, the same influence is at least equally forceful in music, but before discussing this difficult subject I should perhaps make clear that the word 'repetition' covers here a much wider range of activities, some of which—like the repeated performances of a symphony by different orchestras and conductors—lie outside of what I mean to discuss.

They are not mechanized repetitions; on the contrary, the work is spontaneously re-created in the imagination of the performers, who partake vicariously in the creative act. Hence no performance of that kind can be literally repeated. It is as unique as the composer's own creative moment. However, thanks to the progress of mechanization we can record a performance, and then play the record again and again. This particular sensation is new to our age, and it has decisively shaped our musical perception.

Originally, the gramophone record produced an echo of the live performance, with all the idiosyncrasies which that performance may have had. It served as a substitute for a concert, removed by one degree from the real event. For that reason musicians and music lovers inclined at first to despise the substitute, with much the same vigour as the Duke of Urbino displayed in his resentment of printing. However, recording—like printing—developed its own style: it became an idiom with a particular grammar. Certain idiosyncrasies of phrasing, for example, which may be startling and impressive in the concert hall, can grate when they are heard too often. Recording therefore tended to even them out, aiming instead at a technical perfection which



Archimedean solid designed by Leonardo da Vinci: a woodcut from *De divina proportione*, by Luca Pacioli, 1509



Two views of the same Archimedean solid in a modern mathematical textbook

From 'Mathematical Models', by H. M. Cundy and A. P. Rollet (Clarendon)

would allow for constantly repeated hearing. There can be no doubt that, ever since, the style and quality of performances have changed, not only for the purposes of recording, but retro-actively in live performances as well. The level of technical proficiency in concerts today is far higher, and more even, than in any former age. The playing has become attuned to recording. And one wonders whether composition has not become attuned to it as well.

The situation reminds me of a historic occasion in Washington when the newly founded National Gallery of Art was opened by President Roosevelt in 1941. He was expected to address the assembled company, and many who had often heard him speak so effectively over the radio, were curious to see in what manner he would address an audience face to face. They found that he did not address them at all. The speech was broadcast, and from the first the President's mind was concentrated on the microphone before him. It was a graceful speech addressed to the world outside, while those in his immediate presence were like eavesdroppers, listening in on a performance not intended for them. No doubt, those listening to the broadcast assumed that they were getting only a reflex of his speech, a sort of echo, but they were mistaken: what seemed like an echo was the substance.

In the field of art, this curious reversal seems to me one of the fundamental dangers of mechanization. The medium of diffusion tends to take precedence over the direct experience of the object, and in the end the object itself is sometimes conceived with this purpose in view. We are given the shadow for the thing, and in the end we live among shadows, and not only believe that things are made for the sake of their shadows, but find that this is actually the case. Novels are written in the hope that they will be filmed, sculptures are produced in the expectation that they will yield good photographs. That Picasso has consciously adjusted his palette to the crude requirements of the colour print I would not say, but his paintings suffer remarkably little in this singularly hard form of reproduction. It is not impossible that some of his raw grandeur is prized for that reason, while an artist like Braque, who reproduces less vividly because his tonality is subtler, correspondingly recedes in the general consciousness. Colour photographs and colour prints, have, indeed, fostered a rawness of vision in art which should be resisted at any cost. At the present moment, the best black-and-white photograph is like a good piano transcription of an orchestral score, whereas the colour print, with rare exceptions, is like a reduced orchestra with the instruments out of tune.

There would be no harm in any of this if we knew what we were doing. Leaving colour prints aside, I would not suggest that we tear up all photographs, or break all gramophone records, so that we may return to art as a thing in itself. These mechanical transpositions are like translations, harmful only if we mistake them for the original text; but when the original is difficult, elusive or complex, we are grateful for the help of one—or preferably more than one—translation, and we grasp them eagerly when the original is out of reach. Some modern music would not be heard at all if it were not for recording, but this is a far from satisfactory state, because the composer needs direct contact with an audience.

To rest content with mechanization is therefore unreasonable, as unreasonable as that curious phobia of it which J. B. S. Haldane



'Portrait of Luca Pacioli, with the artist', by Jacopo de' Barbari: in the Museo Nazionale, Naples. The construction at top left of the painting is an Archimedean solid like those on the page opposite

described correctly. He said that there has been no mechanical invention, from fire to flying, which has not been greeted as an insult to some god. Ruskin's polemic against mechanization remains valid to a large extent. One needs only to compare the eloquence of a geometrical illustration designed by Leonardo, or painted by Barbari, with its counterpart in a modern textbook on geometry to see how much mathematical instruction itself has lost by driving the artist out of this field and replacing him by the mechanic. On the other hand, the power of art to absorb mechanics was underestimated by Ruskin. He feared that whenever an art delegates part of its function to an ancillary craft, it is in danger of losing its authenticity. Ideally, on that theory, the composer should be his own singer, the poet a bard, the architect his own builder, mason, and bricklayer. It is true that some of the arts still survive in that happy state. The painter has not yet delegated his brush, nor the draughtsman his pencil, and there are even sculptors who have not delegated their chisels. And yet, some of the creative expansions of art—in architecture, music, and drama—could never have taken place at all if the artist had always remained his own instrument, or the only authentic instrument of his art. The justified fear of mechanization tends to blind us to the positive function which machinery and substitution can play in artistic growth.

To my mind, one of the most paradoxical and amusing of anti-mechanical protestations lies buried in a famous American autobiography, *The Education of Henry Adams*, in which that belated offspring of the Adams family, who stylized himself as a conceited Bostonian, took a few steps of his own, in the year 1900, to inaugurate the twentieth century. He went to Paris and visited the World Exhibition, where he stood, bemused and bewildered, before the forty-foot dynamos in the Great Hall, in which the newest engines were displayed. He understood little about engineering and, perhaps for that reason, viewed its progress with misgiving. He reflected that, since 1893, 'the automobile had become a nightmare . . . almost as destructive as the electric tram which was only ten years older, and threatening to become as terrible as the locomotive steam-engine itself'. To regain his balance, Adams withdrew to the cathedrals of Chartres and Amiens. Here, worshipping at the shrine of the Virgin, he medi-

tated on the fate of those who were worshipping at the shrine of the dynamo. Adams was the kind of man who feels that on a memorable occasion it is important to make a memorable statement. Although he did not agree with Gibbon's evaluation of the Gothic style, he envied Gibbon for having dismissed all Gothic cathedrals in one single sentence by saying: 'I darted a contemptuous look on the stately monuments of superstition'. Adams longed to dart just such a look at the stately monuments of engineering, but for that he was too shrewd; he knew that these forces had to be reckoned with, and although he distrusted them intensely, he prided himself on being a good judge of forces. He therefore composed for his autobiography, under the year 1900, a chapter entitled 'The Dynamo and the Virgin'. In it he contrasted the modern powers of steam and electricity with the force exerted by medieval faith. 'All the steam in the world', he writes, 'could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres'.

It is worth analyzing this memorable remark. According to it, the Virgin built Chartres. This is clearly a metaphor, and presumably it means that faith in the Virgin inspired the building of the cathedral. But Chartres was not built by faith alone. Like other French Gothic cathedrals, it was built by carefully calculated engineering. The master-builders who constructed ribbed vaults and flying buttresses would have been much displeased with an admirer of their work who discounted their mathematical and mechanical ingenuity. The antithesis between modern engineering and medieval spirituality is one of those facile and fallacious disjunctions by which we get trapped when we regard art as naturally opposed to mechanization. On the side of art, Adams disregarded the mechanical energies that had been harnessed to produce an admirable building, while on the side of mechanics, he considered the energies in the raw, unrelated to any purposes which they might subserve. Thus we get a fine antithesis between mechanization and spirit, produced by mental omissions on both sides.—*Home Service*

THE LISTENER and B.B.C. Television Review CHRISTMAS NUMBER

next week will include:

'A Dream of Christmas'

a short story by Luigi Pirandello

'The Diverting Talent of Zoffany'

by David Piper

and

'Strategy and the Second Strike'

a broadcast conversation between

Bernard Brodie, formerly Professor of

International Relations at Yale University

and John Grant, defence correspondent of *The Times*

Also Christmas poetry, Christmas crossword

and bridge competition, and

'Christmas Celebrations Round the World'

in pictures

Three Poems

Maiden Moor

A full moon rose above the fell
And soft as snow the cold light lay,
Letting a summer night foretell
The sunshine of a winter day.

So I have seen a child asleep
Curtained by clouds of sudden cold
Wrinkle and wince—as if to keep
The sun itself from growing old.

PATRIC DICKINSON

Black Bull Guarding Apples

That cobbling foreleg means bull-business:
Eyes beady, magnified of angry cockerel,
Intemperate, waiting for any presumptuous
Enough (butcher or maiden) to tantalise

His bluff. Who'll cross his orchard now,
Without friskings under the fruit,
Heart-capers, cat-feet on glowing bricks,
Terrible comedy sanctioned by brute?

I'm frightened of bulls at best of times:
Lacking the matador's elegant courage,
His reputation's nerve, his several pins;
Am not that bullying Hercules born of great dreams.

So here's an animal to look at. His
Mug, ugly to any glad-eyes, his head,
Hardly shoulders, ridge back, black everything
So satanical, betokening black blood,

Brains blacker than blackberries, bellow and eyes
Blackening in defence of apples: he stands,
A watch bull squarely on four black feet,
Would doubtless make handsome any paradise.

H. W. MASSINGHAM

—*Third Programme*

Valldemosa

The unending hill, the firs, a crag of small windmill.
Outside winds away, rain, rain, a soundless rain.
A Mallorcan wife is stormy with violent temper.
The grey cloud of prayer in the monastery—
To the high summit of the scent of mystery—
A rectangular house, the white storeys and brown tree,
The almond tree, a pink and white blossom.
A hundred birds—each different—teeth
And mouth stuttered among the blossom.

Chopin, George Sand, Solange and Maurice
In a talk of a street in Paris, a sound mood—
The alone part of Chopin and of the good piano
Beneath white hands, the thoughtful face and in the brain
The sound of perpetual music—the shadow of two candles,
The chair, a tuberculous chest, a cough,
The cold wet trees, a teeming rain, unending rain.

George Sand, alone in her room. The desk for writing
A Winter in Mallorca—of a virgin deflowered by a Monk,
The bloody woman, the ugly man.
The cold woman and man, the sombre sin of Chopin and Sand.
Dances of Valldemosa, the singing music
In the square—the girls, the Fandango—the wine,
The satisfied voices from the terrace windows.

MICHAEL SWAN

Living Memories of Tolstoy

A symposium on the Russian novelist who died just over fifty years ago

I—By SIR SYDNEY COCKERELL

IN THE SUMMER of 1903 I had the good fortune to visit Tolstoy with a pair of Americans who had an introduction to him. They were on their honeymoon but said 'Come along with us'. When I was hesitating they renewed their tempting invitation.

I went, and had an experience that certainly stands out as about the most memorable I ever had. Tolstoy received us with great kindness and something like humility, and impressed us enormously. He had eyes that were like gimlets; they went right through one. One felt one was naked in his presence and could conceal nothing. He was of middle height; but he seemed to be a giant when you were talking to him.

I was kindly treated by Tolstoy's wife, yet I was aware that they were on rather uneasy terms. My impression is that they were rather like an eagle mated to a guinea-fowl. An eagle and a guinea-fowl are happy on the ground, where they might perhaps peck at the same things, but Tolstoy rose far above his wife's understanding.

I had heard a report that she had copied *War and Peace* seven times. This would have been a stupendous achievement, as the book is very long. I asked her whether it was true. Her reply was: 'Well, it is difficult to say. Some parts of it were copied at least seven times'. I was surprised by Tolstoy's devotion to Dickens, because his own way of writing was so very different. Tolstoy said that all Dickens's characters were his personal friends. That was, I think, a remarkable testimony from a great writer whose novels are utterly unlike Dickens's.

My American companions said the next day: 'Let's go again'.

I said: 'No; we've had a marvellous experience—you can't repeat it'.

II—By SIR SHANE LESLIE

IN 1907 I THINK Tolstoy stood higher in Europe than anybody. He was a great figure. And when I found myself in Russia in the winter of that year, I had the good luck to stay with the Benkindorffs. The Benkindorffs arranged that, at the end of that winter, I set off on a happy-go-lucky journey through the snowstorms by very slow but most comfortable trains. I had lost my railway ticket, but nothing mattered. What took the place of my ticket was simply the name of Tolstoy—Leo Ivanovitch. When they heard that, everybody helped to get me there.

Very late in the evening I reached his beautiful wooden house, such as the nobility lived in. White colonnades: but no sign of wealth. I remember, all the carpets had disappeared, there was no furniture of any value. A few pictures of his ancestors remained on the walls. The famous doctor who looked after him met me at the door, and after a few questions returned and said that the master would be glad if I joined him and his family at supper. They were all in their simple dress, as peasants.

Before I sat down, the great man looked up. I know that he was very small, but his eyes were fierce. And he asked me if I were a vegetarian and I was glad to satisfy him that I was. He also asked me if I had the right views about women. I think I was able to satisfy him, and I sat beside him. Needless to say, it was very simple food; but I hardly needed food, I was so excited. We talked in French. And I had read all his books in French. The subject of conversation was, of course, Ireland. Tolstoy looked on Ireland as a kind of Finland under imperial yoke, and was rather surprised to find I was a landlord. The only Irishman he knew anything about was Michael Davitt. The only Englishman he talked about was Stead, whose magazines I found in my bedroom almost all obliterated by censor.

During those days, I had the happiness of taking several walks with him. I discussed his great novel *Resurrection* with him, and to my embarrassment he described himself as the hero who seduced



Tolstoy and his wife in their garden at Yasnaya Polyana, c. 1906

the unfortunate girl; and insisted that much of it was his own life, though of course he had never gone to Siberia. What I felt most was that the great novelist, the artist, had ceased, and it was the preacher and even the prophet who had taken his place.

He had no pride or interest in his own books. For instance *War and Peace*: I mentioned that my great-uncles had all been in the Crimea facing him at Sebastapol. All war was a bad memory to him. Incidentally, when I talked to the Countess, who let me know that she suffered a good deal from having to keep up with her great husband, I realized what a magnificent wife she was. She said 'I gave up carpets', and spoke sadly about her great days in Moscow.

There had been some trouble, she let me know, which was very much on the mind of Tolstoy at that moment. Apparently that winter, Russian peasants, unemployed and starving, had broken in and stolen his vegetables. He wished to take no action, but his family had been alarmed. The local governor had acted and, to Tolstoy's horror, soldiers with bayonets had arrived, not to arrest him but to protect his vegetables. This, of course, was against all his principles. On the last walk I had with him, Tolstoy said to me—and I never could forget the phrase which he used; it was so simple, and yet you might call it egotistic—'They will soon have to choose between me and the bayonets'.

III—By LEO RABENECK

I SAW TOLSTOY when I was a boy in Moscow. I met him in one of the streets and I remember the great impression he made on me, especially by the look of his very penetrating light blue eyes. My mother told me a story about Tolstoy that happened when there was a concert given by the Russian Conservatory in

memory of Tchaikovsky. Everyone was waiting for the arrival of Tolstoy. But the time came and Tolstoy was not there. At last he arrived, and when he walked in the guard downstairs took him for a simple peasant and started to push him out, saying that he was nothing to do with the concert. Tolstoy in the end was recognized and he was terribly pleased that somebody took him for a real peasant: at last.

Then I was at school with Kolya Gimmer, a shy boy, rather reserved, very capable of learning, but he did not take part in our play. That was just about the time when some proceedings started in a law-court about the bigamy of his mother. The boys of the school were cruel to him and he suffered a great deal. When Kolya heard that Tolstoy had started to write the play called *The Living Corpse*, which was based on the proceedings against his mother for bigamy, he went alone to see Tolstoy to ask him not to publish this play of his, because he and his family suffered so much from the publicity which had surrounded the case. Then, when the case was over and Kolya's father had to start a new life, he went to Tolstoy, at Yasnaya Polyana, to ask him for help in finding an occupation. So far as I remember, Tolstoy was very kind to him, took a great interest, and in the end found him a job somewhere on the railway.

IV—By ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY

ONCE MY FATHER compared writing to learning music. He said it is a funny thing that people will ask you, 'Have you tried to write?' and nobody finds this question strange; whereas, if somebody asked 'Have you tried to play the violin, or the piano?' it would be very strange, because you have to learn. My father always said that writing is not only a gift of talent, but you have to study as much as in anything you want to do. Of course, he studied, and I remember reading the first story he wrote when I was reading his manuscripts during the first years of the revolution. There were twelve cases of his manuscripts and, when I started studying them, I found one of his stories—'How a Love Ends', or something like that; and, when I read it, I thought it was perhaps by a high-school boy, it was so poor.

That was one of his first attempts, and then, gradually, he learned to write. He copied *Childhood—the Lessons in Youth*, I think four times, and my mother copied *War and Peace* seven times from the beginning to the end. He worked nearly seven years on that novel. *Anna Karenina* he would leave: I don't recall exactly how long he took to write it—I don't think it was less than a year—but he would leave it and would say that his *Anna* was boring him. Then he would start again, and would work on it chapter after chapter. So my father was a student in writing from the very beginning: he always learned something, till the end of his days.

My father loved nature, and I would say that he did not like civilization very much. He used to say that people who are trying to live in a civilized world, with telegraphs, telephones, and without any spiritual conception—the love of God and religion—would become worse and worse, disastrous, as a matter of fact. So he did not like city life at all. My mother did, and so as not to make her unhappy we sometimes—till I was, I think, sixteen—lived in Moscow in the

winter-time. In Moscow there was a very big garden, I think about an acre, and my father had a horse—he would go on horse-back sometimes; and we had a cow there. It was like the country, but still he disliked it very much. Loving nature as he did, he united nature with the creation of God, sometimes with God himself; it was something that was one and the same for him—the universe, nature, and God. His religion was much wider than any kind of religion. He believed in Christ, he had his own religion; his religion was Christianity and the following of Christ's teaching. He swept aside the miracles and he even wrote a gospel of his own where there was only the clear teaching of Christ, nothing else, without the miracles. He was trying to find God. He was excommunicated by the Greek Orthodox Church, but I do not think that it affected him at all because at the time when he was excommunicated he had already left the Church.

Tolstoy was never understood by the masses of people and he is not understood at the present moment. The conservatives tried to say that he was a revolutionary; the revolutionaries called Tolstoy conservative. He was neither of them. He said that the Tsarist government held power by wickedness and violence, and that the new government, the revolutionary, would seize the government by violence and wickedness. He was against the war, he was a pacifist; he didn't approve of the old government, and he didn't approve of the revolutionaries. Another thing he said was that he thought the revolution would bring the world to a dead end; and I think that he was right, because at the present moment we really feel ourselves at a dead end.

My father was worried about the future of the world. He was an idealist: that is the most characteristic thing I can say. He believed the natural course of a man's life is always to go up—self-improvement. He believed that the world and nations would also gradually go up. He believed in the perfection of each man, and when each man perfected himself, then it would bring happiness to the world, which he thought was natural for a man.

My father was certainly a lovable man. He could not have written his novels if he had not loved people and known them. My Aunt Tania was the prototype of Natasha Orstova in *War and Peace*. She once said to my father: 'I understand that you can describe a general, a land-owner, peasants, even a mother, but how can you describe a girl who is in love? I can never understand that'. Well, he understood people, and his understanding was very versatile: he would understand a little boy that would come to him; a girl that had a romance would come and talk to him about it; he understood people and he loved people.

He loved his family; he didn't agree with the family, but it did not prevent him from loving them. So I think that in his nature he was a very lovable man—a man also who enjoyed life, loved life, and understood it. He would understand not only people but nature. He would bring sometimes a bouquet of flowers, he would enjoy them so much; he would enjoy his dogs or his horse. He enjoyed things in life, and he wanted others to enjoy them. That is why he was so sad about the peasants who did not have enough land; and this is why he wrote so much about them.

When my father was writing his articles, I was his secretary. I was only twenty-six years old when he died, so I did not copy the big novels except *Resurrec-*



When he was in Moscow, Tolstoy liked horse-riding

tion when I was only fifteen. But later on I copied his articles, his philosophical works for him. Sometimes he would bring first of all his manuscript. Remington's sent us the first typewriter, just invented at that time, and I learned to use it very soon and I typed his manuscript for him, double space. In the morning he would write till one o'clock; then I would copy his manuscripts and bring them to him early next morning; after he had worked on them, there was not a single page left uncorrected. He would write between margins, between lines, margins on the other side of the manuscript. Sometimes he would cut everything to pieces, and for days and days and days he would write the same page, corrected and recorrected; and sometimes he would write an article for two months, three months; I would copy it thirty, forty, fifty times. I don't know how many times I saw the same manuscript. So he was most particular in formulating his thought, always trying to study, always trying to perfect his writing.

I would say there was great misunderstanding between my

mother and father on the basic question of his teaching. She could never agree to it. Finally, the atmosphere was nervous, and my father got sick and very tired, and he decided to accomplish the dream that he had all his life, to go and die among the simple people, the peasants—the Tolstoy followers live in nature. But he was very modest; he never understood the colossal influence that he had on the Russian people. He thought that he could go to some quiet place, live there, and nobody would find him. But all the correspondents, reporters, police—everyone was trying to find Tolstoy. Unfortunately he could not get to his friends, he became sick on the way; and I was with him. It was on a small station, Astapovo, about 300 miles from home; he became sick and he died of pneumonia.

I want to tell you about his last words. The eve of his death he called my sister and myself in and he said: 'Why are you looking only at Leo? There are many people in the world except Leo, and you are seeing only him'. And the second thing he said, and it was the last thing he said, was: 'Truth, I love so much'.

—Third Programme

Science, Poetry, and the Incarnation

The Deepening of Perception

The third of four talks for Advent by KENNETH BARNES

IN Arthur Koestler's remarkable book *The Sleepwalkers*, he says, speaking of the tremendous leap forward made by science in the seventeenth century: 'Every creative act in science, art, or religion involves a new innocence of perception liberated from the cataract of accepted beliefs'. The cataract he is referring to is, of course, the film that grows into the lens of the eye and destroys clear sight.

A new innocence of perception—isn't that what the world needs? In the words of Isaiah: 'See ye indeed, but perceive not'. It is not the complicated that we cannot see, but the obvious. When we look out at the world's problems we are beset by a host of habits, prejudices, or fears; every action we are about to take is inhibited by conflicting considerations. We try to see everything and we perceive nothing. In the sixteenth century, men like Copernicus were unable to think of any celestial movement but that of a circle, so they had to explain the movements of the planets—which are not circular—by the interaction of forty-eight theoretical circular motions. Kepler, at the dawn of the seventeenth century, saw through this monstrous complexity to perceive the simplicity of the ellipse.

Jesus was an opener of clouded eyes; he was not a moralist. His listeners found in themselves a new awareness, an innocence and simplicity of perception, cutting through all the complexity of law and ritual. The result in his followers was exhilaration and joy and confidence.

Blinded by Words

What are the things that blind us? To begin with, simply words: habitual religious phraseology used century after century as though our thought forms never changed; overworked clichés now almost empty of meaning—sententious substitutes for honest thinking and feeling. If a child in an English class writes that an aeroplane zoomed across the sky, a good teacher will request that he find a word of his own, not one that he has copied. Why have we been allowed to get away with it in religion? We have taken overworked phrases and made them sacred; and they have gathered to themselves an autonomous emotive power which deflects our mind from the search for truth—the truth for us, now.

Words are not only used to describe or record what we already know. They are also a means of discovery. The effort to find the right word makes us more aware of what it is we are trying to describe. It also makes us more sincere in our feelings. It would be a tonic to the Christian Church if it were suddenly deprived of its habitual words and had to find new ones—yes, even for 'grace' and 'redemption'.

Further, if we are to perceive the depths of meaning in the

words of religion we must never divorce the words from the circumstances in which they were first used. The statements of Jesus are often used as though they had some magic of their own and were more important than what he was *doing* at the time. The sayings of Jesus are not a text-book of wisdom or ethics. They are a record of what he did in definite situations. He was intensely perceptive. When asked a searching question he saw right through to the underlying motive; and he responded not merely to the argument but to the total situation. Remember how effectively he dealt with the men who wanted to kill the woman taken in adultery.

Record of the Actions of Jesus

Because the response of Jesus was to total situations, his statements can be properly understood only in the light of those situations. He was talking at a particular time in history to particular audiences. He was right in the middle of a deadly conflict, dogged by men who were determined to get rid of him and his blasphemous, dangerous teaching. Jesus's statements are the record that remains to us of what were essentially actions; what Jesus did when people attacked him or needed him. They indicate how he responded. His whole personality and an awareness of the whole situation lay behind the words.

To give an instance, it seems to me wrong to lift Jesus's statements about marriage and divorce out of their historical context and apply them without imagination or mercy to our existing pattern of life. The difficulty is that we have in our cultural bones an assumption as destructive as strontium 90: it is that thinking comes before action, that living must be the consequence of thought. We get it from Plato, who saw life as the passing reflection of the eternal world of thought. We get it from Descartes, who came to the false conclusion: 'I think, therefore I am'. So we think of words as the essence of action, instead of recognizing that they are the remnants from which we have to reconstruct in imagination the whole being, the whole action. Jesus's statements were made in history; they can be understood only in the historical situation. Their eternal quality resides in the actions and the relationships that they imply.

Jesus showed us how the mature perception can penetrate below all appearances to meet real needs. To be like Jesus is not a matter of acquiring virtue, of obeying rules and following directions, but of entering imaginatively into his life so that we can meet the world as he did; so that we know how to meet the many situations that are not described in the Gospels. It is in the unexpected that our inner quality is tested.

The need for Christianity to be re-born is urgent; so we ought

to look with a critical eye at every religious observance, to judge its value in the light of what we understand about it historically and what we know about our own world. Much of what is regarded as essential and permanent in Christianity does not come from the Gospels but from the centuries that followed: from the activities of the fifth century resulting in the Creeds, from medieval scholasticism, from the struggles of the Reformation. All this may contain elements of eternal significance; but it also reflects the peculiar needs and habits of thought of the historical period concerned. These needs and habits may not be ours. We are in the modern world, inevitably affected by it. Science is profoundly changing our approach to problems. If our thinking about religion and our statement of its truths remain medieval, what will the result be? A split mind; what Koestler, describing the beginnings of the split in the seventeenth century, calls the 'controlled schizophrenia' of the age.

Poetic Allegory in the Bible

The sayings of Jesus are full of metaphor, poetry, and parable. To fail to recognize this, to take his statements literally, is to sterilize nearly everything he said. The whole Bible, from the story of Creation and the Garden of Eden onwards, is full of poetry and poetic allegory; and there is something pathetic, indeed tragic, about churchmen's attempts to marry the careful logic of the Greeks to the exuberant poetry of the Jews. Poetry does not merely come into the head of a poet; it is a product of an intense, disciplined struggle. Further, poetry is not a versification of prose ideas; it is itself an instrument of discovery, a means of exploring truth and experience; a way of penetrating into our minds, of discovering in our experience richness, depths, and subtleties that would never otherwise be apparent. In its own intense discipline, the choice of words leads to a sharpened awareness of the experiences the words are to express. Poetry is a search for truth and integrity; and it can be a deeply religious activity.

What part does poetry play in worship? I am seeking ways in which Christianity might be brought into more intense life in this present world. May I then be forgiven if I doubt and criticize long-valued experiences? We may have to be dispossessed before we can find the way to effective development. Religion, safeguarding its treasures, is perhaps like the camel that will have to shed its load before it can pass through the needle's eye. Ritual and liturgy have some of the characteristics of poetry; but their form and phraseology were established in a world very different from ours. The words of the Creed were hammered out in the fourth century. I ask myself if they can continue to mean what they did then, to the people of today, who have no knowledge or understanding of that world and its peculiar problems. I am not sure of the answer to that question, but I would add this: there is a very thin line between the poetry of ritual that is deeply and consciously understood and that same ritual used as an incantation. When it is the latter—of the nature of magic or spell-binding—it becomes religion's own worst enemy; it is so subtle a substitute and puts the intelligence to sleep.

What the Poets Do for Us

What can the poets themselves do for us? The poet breaks through the limitations of words used in their everyday prose context and, by using a different discipline, discovers new meanings, or rediscovers lost meanings, providing new symbols to replace those to which we have become too used. The poet, struggling in the freedom he has given himself, thus often does what the theologian or religious apologist cannot do or has ceased to try to do. My mind turns at once to William Blake, whose desire it was to 'cleanse the doors of perception' and who thought of man as one who restricts his vision to the narrow chinks of a cavern. But I must quickly turn to the modern poets. Many of these are so deeply affected by the fragmentation of the modern world that they serve only to make us more aware of its ills. But there are some whose perception has gone further: especially Edwin Muir. He was in the deepest sense a Christian. As Kathleen Raine said of him: 'He belonged to no church yet his poetry is steeped in the Christian vision'. I would add that

he was profoundly aware of the value of the past, of our inheritance and tradition, of the soil in which we are rooted. He used this awareness without letting it confine his imagination. Edwin Muir was an extremely sensitive man, who felt in his spirit the impact of the modern world in all its capacity to inflict suffering. He saw the tawdry, the hateful, the destructive, as clearly as any other poet; but in his feeling there was no fragmentation, no cynicism, no dualism.

When he was a poverty-stricken young man, he was employed in a boneyard where hundreds of wagon-loads arrived full of rotting, maggot-crawling bones to be processed. He lived in the stench of this for two years and it nearly broke him. When he came into contact with the evil and suffering of Europe in the nineteen-thirties, he experienced this so deeply that he was almost destroyed by it. But he was not destroyed; instead of repudiating evil he assimilated it and transmuted it, made it part of his deepest perception and, in a sense, the foundation of his courage. I feel this most definitely in 'One Foot in Eden':

One foot in Eden still, I stand
And look across the other land.
The world's great day is growing late,
Yet strange these fields that we have planted
So long with crops of love and hate.
Time's handiworks by time are haunted,
And nothing now can separate
The corn and tares compactly grown.
The armorial weed in stillness bound
About the stalk; these are our own.
Evil and good stand thick around
In the fields of charity and sin
Where we shall lead our harvest in.

Yet still from Eden springs the root
As clean as on the starting day.
Time takes the foliage and the fruit
And burns the archetypal leaf
To shapes of terror and of grief
Scattered along the winter way.
But famished field and blackened tree
Bear flowers in Eden never known.
Blossoms of grief and charity
Bloom in these darkened fields alone.
What had Eden ever to say
Of hope and faith and pity and love
Until was buried all its day
And memory found its treasure trove?
Strange blessings never in Paradise
Fall from these beclouded skies.

In this poem there is no repudiation and no false optimism. We are reconciled to our world as the proper place for our experience and growth. He transmits some of his own courage to us, enabling us to say of our life in this world—as he says at the end of 'The Difficult Land'—

... How can we reject
The long last look on the ever-dying face
Turned backward from the other side of time?
And how offend the dead and shame the living
By these despairs? And how refrain from love?
This is a difficult country, and our home.

Reconciliation to our world is necessary if we are to become of more value to the people in it and if we are to reach a maturity. It involves the acceptance of—though not acquiescence in—the evil of the world, its suffering and dangers, the seeming cruelty and insensitiveness of mankind. It means that we must accept these as the experiences through which we find our way to maturity both as individuals and as a community. But it means also that we become intensely alive to its riches, to what it can contribute to the abundant life that Jesus offered. It asks for the keenest development of the senses and of our capacity to feel and to enjoy. It requires that we should set ourselves free from the last vestiges of that false Christianity that cast doubts on the goodness of the flesh and on the spontaneous expression of joy in living.—*Home Service*

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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

December 7-13

Wednesday, December 7

The U.N. Security Council meets in response to protest by Russia over arrest of Mr. Lumumba, the deposed Prime Minister of the Congo

The United States withdraws the naval and air patrol established last month in the Caribbean as a precautionary measure against any attempted invasion of Guatemala and Nicaragua by the communists

The Americans launch a satellite containing human tissue

Thursday, December 8

The Congolese authorities refuse to allow the United Nations to use road, rail, and river transport for carrying supplies

The Bank rate is reduced to 5 per cent.

The French Government announces that the referendum on future of Algeria will be held on January 8

Friday, December 9

Demonstrations and a general strike, organized by the Front de l'Algérie française, mark President de Gaulle's arrival in Algeria to seek support for his policy of self-determination for the territory

Saturday, December 10

Dr. Hastings Banda, Sir Roy Welensky, and Sir Edgar Whitehead are guests of the Prime Minister at Chequers for the weekend

The *Sunday Graphic* ceases publication

Sunday, December 11

At least sixty people are killed as French troops fire on Muslim demonstrators in Algiers

Russia accuses Britain of 'dangerous juggling' over the Polaris base on the Clyde

The capsule from the latest American satellite is caught in mid-air near Hawaii by an aircraft of the American Air Force

Monday, December 12

African nationalist leaders walk out of Federal Review conference

Mr. John Kennedy, U.S. President-elect, appoints Mr. Dean Rusk as Secretary of State and Mr. Adlai Stevenson as Ambassador to the United Nations

Tuesday, December 13

Commons debate defence

General de Gaulle returns to Paris from Algeria

Death of Rt. Hon. Isaac Foot, former Liberal M.P.

Three African nationalist leaders refuse to attend further meetings of Federal Review conference



Mr. Duncan Sandys, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Iain Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, photographed at the opening session last week at Lancaster House, London, of the conference to review the constitution of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

Professor R. H. Tawney, whose eightieth birthday was celebrated at a dinner given in the House of Commons last Saturday, where tributes were paid by Dr. Harold Clay, Lord Attlee, Sir Charles Morris, Professor R. M. Titmuss, Mr. George Woodcock, and Dr. Ernest Green: this drawing is published as the frontispiece to a booklet produced by his friends to commemorate the occasion



A railway engine, built in 1894 for the Great Eastern Railway, being transported by road on December 11 from Stratford, east London, to the British Transport Commission's museum at Clapham



An enclosure for jumping was shown at the exhibition, which shows David Broome, the British



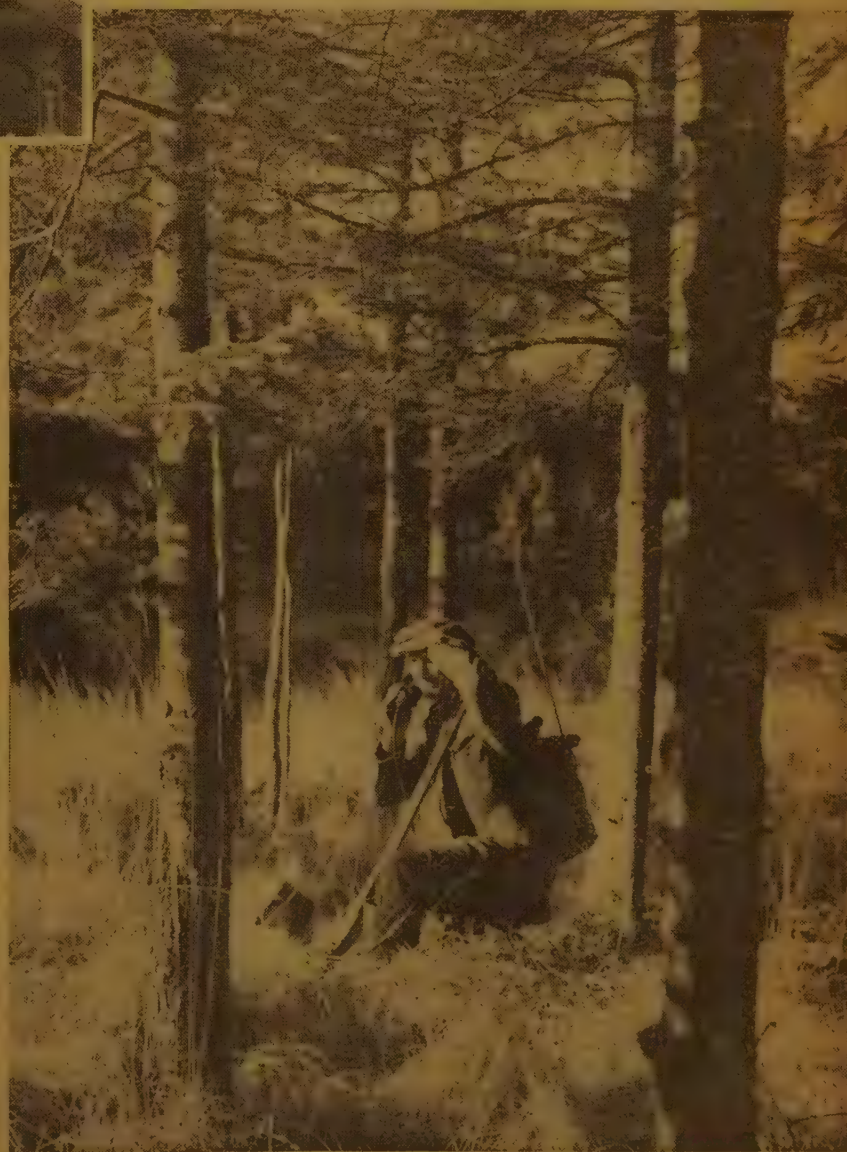
Her Majesty paid a private visit on December 8 to the Royal Academy's winter exhibition, 'The Portraits of Charles II'. Her Majesty is seen, accompanied by Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy (left), looking at the exhibits (see also page 1110)



Mr. John Kennedy, the American President-elect (left) with Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations: a photograph taken when Mr. Kennedy visited New York on December 7



For riders in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, London, on December 8. This photograph shows a rider, Olympic medallist, taking the first jump with his six-year-old brother Frederick



Mr. F. Breakspear, head keeper of the north-west area of the New Forest, using a 'walkie-talkie' radio set while on patrol to guard Christmas trees against thieves

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Tradition in Industry

Sir,—Mr. Austen Albu (THE LISTENER, December 8) over-emphasizes the part graduates play in industry, as technical innovation does not always emanate from the laboratories of research organizations or, by implication, from large firms.

Since the war many small firms with limited financial resources, employing development engineers who were not educated at universities, have been responsible for several important inventions. This is mainly because technological break-throughs often occur through the solution by practical men of problems the existence of which may not be known to graduates working in a research laboratory.

It is probable that the pioneering genius of George Stevenson would have been stultified by a university training. Too much research and development effort is being spent making marginal improvements in existing techniques which really only serve to perpetuate traditional methods of manufacture. Instead of seeking to increase the flow into industry of people with academic training, more satisfactory results for the economy of this country would be obtained by better understanding and support for individual inventors and those small firms who must create to survive.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

W. COOKSON

Sir,—Mr. Austen Albu's talk 'The Price of Tradition in Industry' once again stresses this country's precarious position in world trade and our need to be technologically superior. We must export the labour of our brain cells, not our muscles. This emphasis on inventiveness and flexibility cannot be achieved without high-level scientific training of managers who must take the lead.

On another page you take up Mr. Albu's plea and link it with Professor Galbraith's demand for more artistic perception in British design (THE LISTENER, September 22).

Greater investment in technological and artistic training are obviously desirable, but I doubt whether these laudable objectives are likely to be achieved quickly. In the industries described by Mr. Albu, the manager decides who is to be offered jobs and whether university graduates and highly-trained designers are to be given a real chance. These managers must first of all be inclined to understand the dilemma which Messrs. Albu and Galbraith have so accurately described.

While in the long run our competitive position in overseas markets may be influenced by the amount of our inventive and aesthetic skills, in the short run our main hope is to persuade managers to use existing talent more effectively. There is evidence that the industries which have a small proportion of scientifically trained personnel do not allow even this small proportion to play an important part in high-level policy decisions.

The development of scientists, engineers, and designers must remain a top priority, but the

development of managers who, as part of their executive skills, know how to use these specialists to the best advantage should not be forgotten. Only a totalitarian country can force scientists on to the Boards of a significant portion of industry.

Even in the long run, it is the quality of management decisions that will decisively influence the part we play in world trade. Today, scientific and design skill may be crucial. Tomorrow the premium may shift to other aspects of the total picture. Management development as a way of constantly assessing current priorities and planning for their implementation is a sound investment in the future, in addition to the investments urged on us by Mr. Austen Albu and Professor Galbraith.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

FRANK A. HELLER

Dry Rot and Redbrick

Sir,—Dr. A. P. Rowe's talk on dry rot in the universities should serve as a warning against accepting quantity as the criterion of quality. His diagnosis is tantamount to a call for the dilution of standards, on the ground that only by being organized *from above* for the main purpose of teaching can universities cope with increased numbers of students. In order to do this he advocates the sweeping away of such intellectual and ethical obstacles as research and democracy (it is surprising to learn that anyone could think that there was enough of the latter to be of significance for the majority of universities). What emerges is not a university but an institute for higher education in which all activity is controlled by a junta.

How far such a result would help to do anything except eliminate any higher education worthy of the name is a mystery which Dr. Rowe did not attempt to solve. Yet as one who was apparently once a University Vice-Chancellor we may assume that Dr. Rowe's suggestions were not a deep-laid plot for destroying the universities. If that is the case, one must conclude that the fault lies in Dr. Rowe's analysis.

In the first place, he equates education with teaching. This it is emphatically not, either at school or at university. A university is a place of learning, which is not the same as teaching. It is expected, and rightly, that the student avail himself of instruction in order the better to tackle his subject himself. University teaching is not to dot every 'i' and cross every 't' but to present the problems and give guidance in their solution. The test of whether a student emerges better equipped is not how well he has learned the facts from lectures or from books, but whether he has grasped the principles. For that there must be a degree of aptitude and maturity which only the student can provide. Dr. Rowe, on the other hand, appears to envisage university teaching as better and bigger drilling. If he does, he should not confuse such activities with university teaching.

In the second place, it is just because a uni-

versity is not a place for the transmission of already discovered facts and other people's opinions that research is so vital to it. No man is in a position adequately to explain how something works, whether it be an internal combustion engine or a problem in atomic physics or history, unless he has had direct experience of these himself. To say that teaching and research are different masters, as Dr. Rowe does, is to turn a university teacher into a hack without intellectual *raison d'être* of his own.

Ultimately, the man who carries most weight is he who has undergone independent thought; however badly he may communicate his experience he speaks with an authenticity that can never be gained at second hand. Above all, research, the sense of new discovery, alone provides the intellectual stimulus that prevents a university from atrophy. It is through the work of great thinkers and scholars as with, say, Rutherford at the Cavendish, or the Manchester History School, that a tradition is established for subsequent generations.

Finally, Dr. Rowe should, one would have thought, know that intellectual work is not done by numbers, and certainly not by decree. Some lecturers are better teachers, others are better at research; many never do any research worth the name. What matters is that the universities are not, as Dr. Rowe would have them, reduced to the lowest common multiple of mindless automations because not everyone can be a Rutherford or an Einstein. It is enough that those who are, have the opportunity of carrying out their life's work; and that through their presence among lesser mortals they can communicate something of their quality to them.

No one would deny that much needs righting in the universities; this includes not only rationalization but also democratization.

Dr. Rowe in giving us only mediocrity and autocracy has shown that there are worse faults than dumbness.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 21

GORDON LEFF

Sir,—I wholeheartedly agree with Dr. A. P. Rowe that the methods of teaching in universities are largely unsuited to the average student. For some three years I have interviewed or helped to interview graduates who had just acquired, or were about to acquire, an honours degree in physics, usually of second-class standard. I have seen possibly sixty or seventy in all. My own degree course being some nine years distant, I at first doubted whether I was competent to judge men who were fresh from their degree examinations, but I soon learned that almost no set of questions was too elementary. The following are a sample:

How would you measure the half-life of a radioactive substance which decays to a stable species? (The answer amounts to the almost self-evident definition of half-life).

What is the characteristic difference between the energy spectra of alpha and beta particles?

How does a Geiger counter (proportional counter, x-ray machine, etc.) work?

What is the equation for heat diffusion through a slab of material?
How (to a graduate who perhaps claims a special interest in cosmic rays) are electron showers produced?

These questions, one would think, should be answerable by bright sixth-formers, or even by non-physicists who have read popular books on physics, and yet some or all produce blank looks in a majority of the people interviewed. Somewhat more 'advanced', but still elementary questions (explain the splitting of the sodium D line, say), would be a waste of time.

This experience has led me to conclude that the type of science teaching in the universities, modelled on the traditional teaching of humane subjects in the old universities, is wrong for the preparation of the average student for a career as a professional scientist. This view is strongly confirmed by the recollection of my own difficulties of adaptation to university life (coming myself 'from a home having little tradition of learning', in Dr. Rowe's words) and for that matter of my own not very brilliant performances at post-graduate interviews.

The grounding provided by some years of academic research is essential for the university teacher, but at some stage in his career, if he chooses teaching, he should be transformed into a trained and professional teacher, with a status and salary commensurate with the long preparation. The training of scientists is a serious matter and should not be left to part-time amateurs.

Yours, etc.,
W. STANNERS

Leicester

Sir,—It now seems plain that Dr. Rowe has had no experience at all of teaching and doing research in an academic institution, and that, as his talk strongly suggested, he is a mere administrator, with the expected mechanical notions of 'efficiency' and so forth.

Even if his part in the research project he describes so admirably turned out to be more than that of a mere administrator, it would still be necessary to point out that research outside the university and research inside it are two different kinds of activity. But I am afraid that Dr. Rowe would be unable to grasp the distinction.

Yours, etc.,
KINGSLEY AMIS

Swansea

Henry Moore at Whitechapel

Sir,—With Professor Wind's penetrating analysis of our present disengagement from art very much in my mind, I have just visited the Henry Moore exhibition at Whitechapel. As I expected, I found in most of Moore's forms a pleasure that was almost entirely aesthetic, notably in some of the reclining figures. But in one case, the huge 'Reclining Figure No. 2' illustrated in THE LISTENER last week, my reaction was entirely different, and of such a kind that I began to wonder whether I had here encountered the means of reidentification which we so sadly need. For as I looked at this great thing, and wandered round it, it ceased to be a broken human figure. It became instead a colossal cliff, eroded by the waves which still seemed to be pounding against its feet and thundering through its caverns.

My intellect told me that this was a romantic, even a naïve, approach; but another, deeper

voice told me that it was not; and I realized that for the first time in my experience of Western sculpture—if it were not for Rembrandt's landscape drawings, I might say of Western art—I had experienced a feeling which it is the aim of Chinese painting, at its best, to inspire. As we look at a great Chinese landscape painting, we are unwittingly drawn into it; we seem to hear the sound of the waterfall and the sighing of the wind as we move along its winding paths, emerging at the end to gaze out across a calm lake to where distant peaks rise above the clouds. Indeed, in the traditional Chinese view, the highest type of landscape painting is one in which we may dwell or wander. Form and technique are no more than means to this end.

Is this relevant to the Western sculptural tradition, and is it legitimate? The borderline between sculpture of the type of this 'Reclining Figure' and the geologist's model on one side and the romantic's dream on the other is dangerously narrow, and a lesser sculptor than Moore might have overstepped it. But when one's experience before this figure is so overwhelming, and one recognizes that part at least of its power is due to our identifying these forms with living nature—in fact, to hearing the waves crashing about it—I think it is legitimate. More than that, it opens up a new world of aesthetic experience which may once more draw us close to the sculptor, because the images it suggests and the feelings it evokes are closely related to, though far more intense than, our own experience of nature.

I mention Chinese painting for another reason, too. The twentieth century has seen a striking change in the art of both China and the West. For Chinese painting, which has always been highly abstract and generalized, is now exploring the world of visual realism, which we have always taken for granted; while Western art has deserted realism for an abstraction that often comes close to that of the Chinese calligrapher. And yet, in many ways, the two civilizations are as far apart as ever; in this respect, they have merely changed places. To talk of an eventual fusion of these two traditions is mere idle speculation; but can it be that in this great figure Henry Moore, by that mysterious process which Élie Faure called 'reintegration through love', has torn down one at least of the walls that have divided East and West?

Yours, etc.,
MICHAEL SULLIVAN

London, W.C.1

Keeping Babies Warm

Sir,—I cannot believe that the speaker in the Home Service talk entitled 'Keeping Babies Warm' (THE LISTENER, November 24) was really 'serious in some of the things he said or that he can have taken advice from the experts in the field. The following are among the comments I should like to make in order to prevent listeners from gaining a false idea of the response of a great majority of babies to the cold.

(1) All body heat is derived from the composition of food, whether this occurs in skeletal muscles during movement or shivering, or any other organs of the body.

(2) The fact that newborn babies can increase their heat production when exposed to cold environment has been amply proved by studies carried out to investigate this point.

(3) Your speaker's statement that 'to insulate

the cold baby into a cold cocoon and keep it cold', which he avers to happen when it is wrapped up in a cold room, is absolute rubbish. Unless the baby is already dead, and therefore producing no heat at all, it will inevitably warm up under the covers, no matter how cold these may be to begin with.

(4) There are other very reasonable explanations for the cause of sudden cot death of young infants than excessive chilling, in fact no well baby would tolerate being cold; it would certainly remain awake and cry. Chilling could conceivably be the cause of death in an otherwise sick infant.

Your speaker's advice which concluded his talk may be partially correct but is really an exaggeration of some common-sense precepts; there is absolutely nothing to warrant such scare-mongering statements as he has made. Furthermore the views expressed might well lead to loss of life by frightening people into using dangerous heaters rather than leaving well-wrapped babies in cold bedrooms.

Yours, etc.,
ROY MOTTRAM, M.B.

Kidlington

'Enquiry'

Sir,—Your illustration on page 982 of THE LISTENER of December 1 does not represent 'barren acres north of the Caledonian Canal' as stated in its caption, since in fact it is of a scene in Glen Etive. This is not the same thing, since the rocks of Buachaille Etive are of a type not found north of the canal, and of course affect the landscape.

Your 'Enquirer' has swallowed rather stale propaganda much too liberally, as for example where he complains of a 'meagre' policy to help the crofter. The truth is that the Highlands are almost paved with public gold, and have been for generations, especially in the remoter districts of the north-west, and the Isles. An island such as Raasay, with a population of some 200, with a high proportion of pensioners, has recently had a new pier at a cost of £30,000, and electric grid connexion with Skye at a cost of £7,000 for undersea cable. New mile-long roads, and lines of electric poles put up almost unasked, by the non-profit-making Hydro-electric Board, lead to crofts for which tenants cannot be found over years. A shipping company could hardly exist but for a very expensive mail contract. Unremunerative forestry is practised on a vast scale. Crofters' rate assessments are derisory, likewise their rents. The wealth of telephone boxes in almost uninhabited country must be the envy of any English country-dweller who has tried to get one.

Let us have no more of the legend that the Highlands are the victim of Hanoverian tyrants or of bold bad baroneted landowners. The essential reason for their depopulation has always been the pull of opportunity and civilization from the south, contrasting with the harshness of nature on Europe's sub-arctic margin. Much-needed reorganization of farming in crofting areas is exceptionally difficult where few but the unenterprising have customarily chosen to remain, and where local short-sightedness and narrowness could baffle even the altruism and the organizing genius of a Leverhulme.

Yours, etc.,
E. W. HODGE

Elterwater

[We regret the error in our caption.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Painting of the Month

Cézanne's 'La Vieille au Chapelet'

By PHILIP HENDY

I HAVE CHOSEN a rather difficult subject. Cézanne is so very much a painter, so determined to think and to let us think only about what he sees before him; his work is so free of any poetic or literary associations that I know I shall soon find myself talking about him and his ideas rather than about this picture. But first I can at least say a word about the way in which it came to be painted.

Some new Cézanne material has just been published in Paris which includes an extract from an article by the first owner of 'La Vieille au Chapelet', the poet Joachim Gasquet. This article was written in June 1896 and mentions the picture as recently finished. In my notes circulated with the colour print* I described how the picture itself supports the statements that Gasquet made in his book on Cézanne twenty years later: that the painter had laboured on it at the Jas de Bouffan for eighteen months and that he, Gasquet, had found it neglected on the studio floor beside the stove. All this evidence suggests that Gasquet was not, as his detractors have claimed, inventing a date, and that the picture was painted probably for the most part in 1895, when Cézanne was fifty-four. So it was far from being one of his late works. He died when he was getting on for sixty-eight.

But in the story he tells us about the sitter Gasquet has apparently been caught romancing. The new book also includes a letter Cézanne wrote to Gasquet which makes it clear that this old woman was formerly the servant of a notary of Aix who was a literary associate of Gasquet. Thus it may well have been the poet himself who procured the old woman and her rosary as a model. The rosary is there, and it could mean that 'La Vieille' was a nun at some time in her career. It does seem, however, that Gasquet made up the tale that Cézanne rescued her from misery. Personally, I am not so shocked as some may be by this piece of poetic licence, because I believe it represents an attempt to elicit our sympathy for Cézanne the man at a time when Cézanne the artist was still a subject of controversy.

Anyway, now he is recognized as the greatest in a century of great painters, we can afford to ignore the story altogether: and it is even important to do so, for it has tended to obscure the true nature of the picture. Gasquet, in describing it, talked about a ray of pity illuminating the head; and he invented this idea just as he made up at least part of the story in order to make us look at it as if it were the work

of another Rembrandt. The name of Rembrandt was often mentioned at the time of the picture's acquisition. Yet perhaps there is no better way of coming to grips with this picture than by conjuring up in our mind's eye a portrait by Rembrandt in the National Gallery in London,



'La Vieille au Chapelet', by Cézanne: in the National Gallery, London

that three-quarter-length study of an equally old lady, 'Margaretha Trip'.

In Rembrandt's picture the individual is everything. Dressed in her magnificent best, sitting erect, looking us, with wide open eyes, straight in the face, Margaretha Trip does all she can to conceal from us her dislike of being old; but Rembrandt tells us all the history of her life, including the story of her decay. He tells this story with such reverence, with such tenderness in every one of the powerful strokes with which he builds her form, that old age comes to seem something much more beautiful than youth could ever be.

But in order to do this Rembrandt almost had to do away with positive colour, and he left some at least of the form undefined, in mystery. Now positive colour is just what Cézanne had to have; mystery is just what he would not have. When he made his famous

remark that Poussin needed to be done over again from nature, the accent certainly was on nature. Poussin looked back to a world that may or may not have existed; he was academic as a composer, artificial as a colourist, altogether too much the antithesis of Impressionism with

its eyes wide open on what we see today. Cézanne's choice of Poussin did not mean that he put him among the greatest painters; he said over and over again that these were the Venetians of the sixteenth century, who were in love with the sensuous present. Nevertheless it was Poussin and not any other artist who was to be naturalized—as gardeners say of spring flowers that escape from the flower-beds to a more natural habitat—Poussin, the master of clear statement, who contrasted bright colours and clean contours, and gave his first and his last thought to the visible logic of the design.

To Cézanne, too, the logic of the design was number one. In those precious letters that he wrote towards the end of his life to several young painters he expressed his ideas with a directness and clarity which leave us no excuse for misunderstanding his intentions. He sums these up most forcibly of all in a letter to Charles Camoin: 'All things, particularly in art, are theory developed and applied in contact with nature. . . . This is the truest letter that I have yet written to you. *Credo*'. And just before he died he wrote to Emile Bernard: 'You must forgive me for continually coming back to the same thing; but I believe in the logical development of everything we see and feel through the study of nature . . .'. Nature,

nature, nature; but nature is given to us for the logical development of theory.

And that is the purpose for which this old woman was given to Cézanne with her rosary. She is the subject of the picture; but the theme is not the spirit of the old woman, the sense of her past and of her tenuous future, as it is with 'Margaretha Trip'. Rembrandt's theme is the almost invisible; it transcends nature. Cézanne's is much more difficult to describe because it is wholly visual. Nature is transcended only in her own terms of the concrete, the visible, the almost tangible. Everything there is to admire is there, in the picture.

I can easily imagine Rembrandt and Cézanne arguing about these pictures of theirs. Cézanne complaining that Rembrandt is seeking to get so much sympathy from everybody for his models that he has had to go in for obscurity and vagueness; and Rembrandt replying that

Cézanne of all people, who cared so much about form, should be able to see that this play of light and shade which he had introduced had made it possible to create subtleties of form, of actual form, in this head and these hands that Cézanne could never hope to obtain in that glaring light in which he insisted on living and painting; and Cézanne shouting back that no form was true form to him if it was not absolutely clear, not only in itself but in its relation to all other forms within the picture space. And, if the argument had taken place at the *Jas de Bouffan*, he would have snatched up his easel and colour-box and stumped out to spend the day by himself among the clean contours that were everything to him and in the bright light which had come to impregnate all his colours.

Very Near Extinction

Today, 'La Vieille au Chapelet' is a much admired picture. So we may well ask why, after all these months of work on the old woman, he did not think her worthy of a stretcher and left her to get rolled up and fall on the floor, and come very near to extinction. Perhaps it was something to do with the light, that he had somehow let the picture get difficult to see in places. It has not the absolute clarity of structure of a Cézanne at Cézanne's best and yet it is quite different from a Rembrandt. This old woman is not allowed to speak for herself. One can believe that Cézanne found there was something incomplete in 'the logical development of what he saw and felt' as he studied her.

The x-radiographs show that, except for the condition of her left shoulder, Cézanne never had any trouble with the pose, with the placing of the figure on the canvas. The old woman was evidently by now sufficiently inanimate to have made him an excellent model. She lent herself to a characteristic simplicity of statement. Her vivid old head in its absurdly frilled bluish white cap is a wonderful piece of carving in paint; and so are the gnarled hands, with their weight and their tension. Below the hands, in the blue skirt stuffed with petticoats, the form again is clear and strong, the colour and light sing together as they do in Cézanne's very best still-lives. It is on the upper part of the body, though the colour is rich, that there is a certain dullness and obscurity; and, after all the effort to get that contour of the bowed shoulder in the right place, its relation both to figure and to background is still disturbing. Perhaps it was just this detail which made him think the picture a failure. If you cover this top contour and the wall behind it, there is an immediate increase in concentration. Most artists would just have covered up, somehow or other. That is what Cézanne could not do. Here perhaps he could neither cover up nor get it quite right.

Integration between Nature and Art

For Cézanne to admit success, everything in the picture had to be perfectly clear and to look both completely logical and completely true to nature—and there had to be no dichotomy. On paper, there is nothing new about this intention: to make things look right in both senses is what nearly every student has nearly always been trying to learn to do in almost every art school. The difference is a matter of degree—in this case a very big matter. Cézanne literally gave his life to penetrate further than anyone else into the secret of appearances and to achieve

an entirely new degree of integration between nature and art. He was no slave to appearances, as can be seen by comparing one of the many photographs of the places that he painted with the picture itself. 'One is neither too scrupulous nor too sincere nor too submissive to nature', he wrote to Bernard, 'but one is more or less master of one's model, and above all the means of expression'.

Cézanne was so sincere a man that he made the mistake that no one must ever make if he wants to be a success in the eyes of his contemporaries. He talked of his failures, of his inability to realize his full ambitions. As if anybody ever did! In fact surely he painted many perfect pictures. His achievement was so tremendous that it was scarcely recognizable even to that enviable band, his earliest admirers. Some of their explanations of him seem strangely unnecessary today, when we have come to read his pictures without effort, to see nature easily as he saw it.

Most of the outstanding painters of the nineteenth century claimed to be realists; even Ingres, I think; certainly Delacroix, Courbet, the Impressionists. Cézanne's language is much more precise. In a letter to Bernard warning him against the 'literary spirit' he defines 'the true path of painting' as 'the concrete study of nature'. Earlier in the letter he wrote: 'I am progressing very slowly for nature reveals herself to me in very complex forms and the progress needed is incessant'.

'The True Path'

The more seriously we take the claims to realism of other nineteenth-century painters, the more clearly we see that Cézanne was the culmination of all their efforts. He carried the study of nature so far that nobody has been able to carry it further. The leading painters since have turned right away from what he called 'the true path', and he may well have to be forgotten for a time before they can return to it. Of course he transcends reality not only by the supreme logic of his pictures, by the perfection of their design, but by the sheer beauty of his vision. This comes to us through him out of the clear light and the pure colour and the clean limestone contours of his native land. These inform all his mature pictures, wherever they are painted. Even in this rather dark indoor picture of the old woman with the rosary one gets the full flavour of Provence.

He was a constant student also of the art of the past. It was by studying under the skylights of the Louvre as well as under the burning skies of Provence that he made his great extension of that conquest of nature which had been achieved in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the Early Netherlandish painters, by the Florentines and Umbrians and by the great Venetians.

He won his victory over nature by being the most profound designer of the nineteenth century. Of course, therefore, he has had his influence on the painting of the twentieth, which is interested mainly in design. But when he sent to Bernard that famous piece of advice: 'Treat nature by the cylinder, the sphere, the cone, everything in proper perspective so that each side of an object or a plane is directed towards a central point', he was only saying in rather abstract terms what he was careful to make more explicit in a second letter: [The eye] 'becomes concentric by looking and working. I mean to

say that in an orange, an apple, a bowl, a head, there is a culminating point; and this point is always—in spite of the tremendous effect of light and shade and colour sensations—the closest to our eye; the edges of the objects recede to a centre on our horizon'.

Our picture is a perfect illustration of these principles. In this old woman's head and hands one can feel him searching for the 'culminating point' and for the curves 'receding to a horizon'. One can feel that he failed a bit when he came to that awkward shoulder. These principles of his are 'perspective'. It might be an Italian of the Renaissance who is speaking. If the Cubists took this as a recipe for the composition of an 'abstract' picture they were using only half the recipe.

But one must not say that design is even half of Cézanne. To him nature was nothing without design, and design was equally nothing without nature. And so, whatever the value of twentieth-century art as it has so far developed, it is separated from Cézanne and the nineteenth century by its concentration upon utterly different values. Cézanne belongs to the great tradition of the past. In the context of the twentieth century he is an 'Old Master'. His place is in the National Gallery.

And there is the tragedy. The National Gallery was once a great pioneer. It played a leading part in bringing back into public esteem, on to a level with Raphael and Titian and Rubens, the great painters of the earlier Renaissance, men like van Eyck, Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, and Giovanni Bellini. But it has not been equally perspicacious at the other end of the history of painting; it failed to see the significance of the great French school of the nineteenth century. So while we have ten pictures by Titian, nine by Veronese, sixteen by Rubens, nineteen by Rembrandt, by Cézanne we have one; a great picture perhaps, but certainly not a picture from which anyone could possibly deduce the length and breadth of his art. The National Gallery needs a minimum of five great Cézannes. When we paid £32,000 in 1953 for this picture, the then President of the Royal Academy lectured his students on the scandal of it. The other four Cézannes would cost half a million pounds today; but we have come to the eleventh hour, and it is much easier now for a great nation to find half a million than it is to find four great pictures by Cézanne.

The National Gallery in a Democracy

The powers that be are kinder to the arts these days than they have ever been before; but I have a feeling that they would not be disappointed if the public and the press were to show a good deal more enthusiasm for what they have done and still have to do to make up the deficiencies which have resulted from the apathy of half a century and more. Even today there has been only a single lament over the departure to Eire of England's one great picture by Renoir. A National Gallery with so little of the great art of the nineteenth century is an inadequate National Gallery. Why is the non-representation of Cézanne in it not recognized as a matter of importance to the public, a deficiency which ought to be remedied? In our democracy the National Gallery can be no better than the nation wants it to be. This is not only our business, the business of those who work for the Gallery; it is your business as well.

—Home Service

An Age of Splendour

OLIVER WARNER on the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy

EVERY HACK EULOGIST of the Restoration spoke of it, at the time of Charles's first return from exile, as an event both 'glorious' and 'happy'. These were the loyal, the dutiful, the common, expected words, and, as sometimes happens with the obvious, they were both appropriate and right. It was glorious because, astoundingly, the whole affair had come about without bloodshed, owing largely to the astuteness of that stout Devonian, George Monck, who is the subject of one of Samuel Cooper's finest 'limnings'. It was happy for many reasons, not the least because people of taste, who had been encouraged at the court of Charles I as never before in this country's history, could look forward to exercising their bent once more under his son and—what was equally important—could feel that England had returned to the best European company. This was indeed so, and in spite of every conceivable political vicissitude, England remained in the artistic swim until, far in the future, a succession of unhappy wars began once more to isolate her, though never again—until our own wars—so completely as she had been under the Commonwealth.

The predominant impressions given by the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy, 'The Age of Charles II', are those of aristocracy, of splendour, of artistic harmony with France, Italy, and the Netherlands, and of a *consistency* in taste which extends from John Michael Wright's big canvas 'Charles II Enthroned', right down to the unpretentious but delightful series of scientific instruments which are placed in Gallery V. It is proper that, to represent an age when Newton was alive and the Royal Society coming into being, telescopes, microscopes, surgical instruments, dials, orreries, quadrants, globes, back-staffs, and mathematical instruments should be given value among more purely decorative subjects. Equally rightly are such men as Tompion, Knibb, Fromanteel, and the brothers Simon included among the artists to whom honour is paid. An age shows itself by its minor arts and in its workaday instruments as much as in any other way. In this respect that of Charles II and James II, the high period of English baroque, can hold up its head in illustrious company.

Pride is particularly justifiable in the field of miniature painting. There can never have been assembled a more dazzling show of the art of Samuel Cooper, or of his lesser known but accomplished elder brother Alexander, most of whose work is in collections abroad, in Holland, Denmark, Sweden. This was a branch of art in which the Caroleans could rival the Elizabethans, and the small South Room even includes work by the dwarf Richard Gibson, the Uffizi having

lent his signed portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, which has not been seen in England since it was commissioned for Cosmo III in 1673.

Every exhibition of the kind now in the Academy yields at least one great surprise, and there will be general agreement with Mr. Oliver Millar in his view that 'it is the Scotsman

painting that Europe was producing'. Every one of the seventeen works by Wright's hand here represented repays attention and rewards by accomplishment and individuality.

Just as it is with a sense of relief that we may discover the age of Charles and James II other than in terms of Lely, so, in the earlier galleries, one may gain an impression of Charles I free from noble prisonment by van Dyck—can view that hard, dour Scot anew, undauntedly courageous, and a despot in every line. Seen at his trial, and in an astonishing picture by Goddard Dunning in the large South Room during his very last days, one seems to light upon the man in his exact stature, and comes to realize that he went to his death with both eyes open, utterly sure that history would justify him.

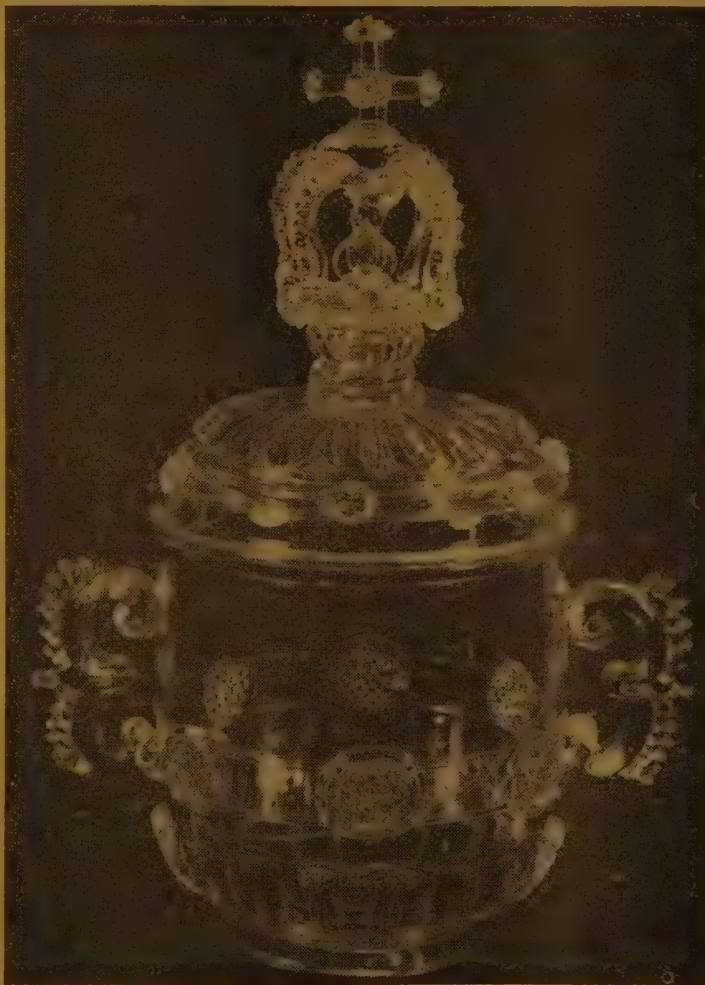
In an exhibition in which there is scarcely an item which does not reward prolonged scrutiny, it would be a pity for the visitor to miss such comparatively unobtrusive objects as Dwight of Fulham's touching stone-ware figures of his daughter Lydia, or the lead-glass posset-pot, surmounted with a cover (No. 316), which has the assured plastic sense and the elegant fantasy of the Baroque.

While it is certain that the finest artistic achievements of the age of Charles II were architectural, from the designs of Inigo Jones's pupil Webb for Greenwich to the advances made by Wren towards the completion of St. Paul's, and although these, alas, are unrepresented, there is fully enough richness assembled within the Academy's Galleries to engross and stimulate. Had it not been that the present year marked the tercentenary of the Restoration, the exhibition would have been justified on other grounds. For whatever the accepted current opinion of the political tergiversations of Charles II and his brother James, there can be no doubt that their reigns were happy for the course of native art, and that the foundations of English sport-

ing and landscape painting were laid a century before they came to their full flourish. Moreover, Charles II deserves remembrance also, for his direct encouragement of the greatest marine painters of all time, the Van de Veldes, father and son, who worked so long at Greenwich.

Louis XVI Furniture, by F. J. B. Watson (Alec Tiranti, £2 10s.), is a concise and authoritative introduction to a period of French craftsmanship which, it is stated, can be better studied in England than in France.

Pompeii and Herculaneum (Elek Books, £3 3s.) is an account by Marcel Brion of the Graeco-Roman city destroyed in the first century A.D. and of its excavation during the last 200 years. There are over 100 photographs by Edwin Smith, fifty in colour, of Pompeian *objets d'art*.



Glass posset-pot and cover, late seventeenth century: from the exhibition 'The Age of Charles II' at Burlington House

Michael Wright who seems essentially the portrait-painter of the Restoration'. What is accepted as his masterpiece, the portrait of Colonel John Russell from Ham House in Gallery II, deserves every respect, but its virtues are quiet beside those of 'Sir Neil O'Neill', the subject an Irish Jacobite, killed at the Battle of the Boyne, who astonishes, in Gallery III, not least from the accurately rendered suit of Japanese medieval armour which is shown with such care (and to mysterious purpose) in the lower left-hand corner. 'Pictor Regius', Wright styled himself—fitly, so one feels. As Professor Waterhouse long ago noted, 'at his best he is a portrait-painter of high distinction, and, unlike his contemporary painters in England, he had come into direct contact with the best

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Sir Horace Mann: Vols. IV-VI.

Edited by W. S. Lewis, Warren Hunting Smith and George L. Lam.
Oxford. £18 the three volumes.

Reviewed by J. H. PLUMB

THREE MORE VOLUMES, meticulously edited in U.S.A., of Horace Walpole merely inflame one's anger. What has British eighteenth-century scholarship to offer in return? Nothing. There is no project of equal size going forward in the history or literary faculties of any British university. The two British undertakings that are larger than this—the *Victorian County Histories* and the *History of Parliament*—crawl along, crippled by a chronic shortage of money, scholars, and facilities. The former has been struggling on for sixty years and is scarcely half complete, the latter on and off for nearly thirty years and two volumes only to its credit. The one recent venture that we can hold up to the *Yale Correspondence of Horace Walpole* is the recently completed *G.E.C. Peerage*, which was saved from disaster by the munificence of Lord Nuffield.

Unfortunately such generosity is as rare in this country as it is abundant in America. British scholars have not been at fault; many have worked and are working selflessly for pitiful returns on both the *Victoria County Histories* and the *History of Parliament*. The trouble lies with the public, with the universities, and with British patrons—particularly the latter. But it is a salutary thought, stimulated by the sight of these massive American series—Horace Walpole, Boswell, Burke—that there does not exist a critical edition of the complete letters and papers of any British prime minister. Let us hope that some Maecenas in Cincinnati or Birmingham, Alabama, fixes his benevolent eye on Gladstone, Disraeli, Palmerston, Pitt, or Robert Walpole. He will be well rewarded as Dr. Lewis has been.

Dr. Lewis has built a memorial to himself and his wife that will endure as long as western scholarship endures. He has geared his mania for collecting to the passion of a scholar, and the lively interests of a connoisseur have been transmuted into the distinguished gifts of a historian. By his energy, his persistence, his lavish care, he has collected more information about a single human life than was ever done before. It's an odd thought that we know more about the facts of Horace Walpole's life than we know about any other human being. The essence of his character may still be open to speculation, but what he was doing on almost any day from 1739 to his death is known with surprising certainty. This, of course, would be merely a curiosity except that day in and day out for the whole of his long life Walpole wrote for posterity on every subject that interested him—politics, art, society, and, thank goodness, human nature. The result was not the trivia which Macaulay dismissed so cavalierly, but a magnificent collection of familiar letters, a *genre* which developed and spread with the Renaissance. Walpole's letters were as deliberate works of art as those of Pietro Aretino and no less amusing.

Historians, of course, have grave difficulties in using Walpole's letters. Naturally he had his prejudices; his memory twisted events to suit his temperamental needs. Like all men of sensitivity he had his *bêtes noires*; like all natural writers he found it hard to sacrifice a neat phrase or a telling paragraph. And he desired to please. He needed his correspondents as a public writer needs his readers, so often he heightens the scene; above all he had to keep his letters light and allusive. At times his prose sparkles and darts like fireworks, and the duller replies of his correspondents help to give solidity and depth by contrast. And one of Dr. Lewis's many wise decisions was to print *not* only Walpole's letters but his correspondents' as well. In these volumes the solemn, rather tedious, replies of Mann add to rather than detract from Walpole's.

The very nature of Walpole's art—its vast range of reference, the implication that its recipient would be able to fill out a great deal for himself—made a critical edition essential before he could be used with complete confidence. Of course critical editions, and one good one, Mrs. Paget Toynbee's, had been attempted before the Yale Edition, but this magnificent series makes them all seem jejune. These three new volumes contain letters of the first importance, stretching as they do over the twenty vital years 1748-68. Walpole's letters are largely political but there is a vast amount here for the historian of society and of taste as well as of politics, and Mann's side of the correspondence, a great deal of it published for the first time, illuminates Florence of the eighteenth century. This *Yale Correspondence* is already one of the most precious works of reference for eighteenth-century British history. Scholars should secure it before speculators buy it up.

Modern Britain, 1885-1955

By Henry Pelling. Nelson. 18s.

Yet another co-operative 'History of England' bursts upon us with this work, the last volume in subject but the first to appear in an eight-volume series edited by C. N. L. Brooke and D. Mack Smith. The editors declare that little apology is needed for the series, since the time is ripe for a 'fresh survey'. The volumes are to be 'reasonably short', 'a stimulus to wider reading rather than a substitute for it'; the aim is to provide a 'lively and illuminating' introduction to English history. One cannot help wondering whom the series is aimed at. The present work lacks the detail of a school textbook; and it cannot, for the university student, compete with the 'Oxford History', the Longmans series appearing under Professor Medlicott's editorship, or the revised volumes in the Methuen series. Yet its very brevity will also discourage the general reader, who is better served by the sort of interpretative essays which the Pelican History of England provides.

Of its kind the present work is a model. It has all that one expects from Mr. Pelling, who already has five books on British and American labour history to his credit: economy, clarity, accuracy, breadth, fair-mindedness. Its method is to survey, in each of the seven chapters, the

economic developments, the foreign, imperial and military history, the politics, and the social changes of a given period. The summaries of economic and diplomatic history, and the accounts of the two world wars, could hardly be bettered within their compass. The illustrations are happily chosen.

Yet how *can* one compress these seventy revolutionary years into 200 pages? Mr. Pelling has four devices. He mentions persons (for example, Curzon or Clynes) without identifying them; he refers to events, like the Taff Vale decision, without explaining them. He does not elaborate on the details of a crisis—the fall of Asquith, the outbreak of the General Strike, '1931'. He makes lists: 'older novelists such as Joyce Cary, L. P. Hartley, and Angus Wilson made their mark, and so did younger ones such as those who commented more specifically on the new post-war world—Kingsley Amis and John Wain among others' (page 187). And he has left out all passion: the Labour pioneers, a Lloyd George, a Churchill—all are cardboard figures. There is no hint in the brief reference to the great strikes of 1911-13 of Ben Tillett's outburst 'O God, strike Lord Devonport dead!' It is hard, where brevity and comprehensiveness are so skilfully matched, to sustain the theme discovered at the close (page 191): 'the social and political conflicts at home, and the elimination of various forms of inferiority that existed in the nineteenth century'.

C. L. MOWAT

The Autobiography of Mark Twain

Edited by Charles Neider.

Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Mark Twain's autobiography was composed sporadically throughout the last thirty years of his life. A vast, sprawling mass of reminiscences, observations on life and letters, comments on current affairs, character sketches of friends and enemies, discussions of religion and ethics, anecdotes, stories, and indeed anything that came into his head, it was written (and in the latter part of his life sometimes dictated) with no attempt at chronological order or at any sort of system. The whole disorderly mass of manuscript has never been published. Alfred Bigelow Paine in 1924 and Bernard DeVoto in 1940 edited portions of it, and now Charles Neider gives us more than has ever before been available in an order which is roughly chronological. This edition is itself far from complete, both because the editor considers some parts irrelevant or simply bad and because Twain's only surviving daughter has vetoed certain passages as dangerous (a fact which adds an intriguing mystery to the still unpublished parts).

It was perhaps a mistake for Mr. Neider to arrange the material in chronological order, for what we have is not really so much an autobiography as random reflections on life and letters written by Twain as the spirit moved him, and many of them confided to the secrecy of his notebook in the expectation that they would not be revealed until many years (a hundred and more, in some cases) after his death. Mr. Neider is surely wrong in claiming that 'the essence of

[the work's] internal order is time'. It is Mark Twain's character and opinions that provide the real order in the book. Still, what we are given in this edition is quite fascinating, and compulsory reading for anyone who seeks a full understanding of this remarkable moralist.

I call Mark Twain a moralist advisedly; where his humour is most living it is most moral. 'Why have they perished?' Twain asked in discussing an anthology of earlier American humorists. 'Because they were merely humorists. Humorists of the "mere" sort cannot survive. . . . I have always preached. That is the reason that I have lasted thirty years'. There is much bitter moralizing in this book, some of it humorous ('I think we never become really and genuinely our entire and honest selves until we are dead—and not then until we have been dead years and years. People ought to start dead and then they would be honest so much earlier'), some of it, as in his attack on some Christian dogmas, fierce and direct. Much of what he writes is meant to be read as a voice from the grave: he often reminds us that it is a long-dead man who is speaking, so he can be frank at last. His biting character portraits of Bret Harte and Marie Corelli could never have been published in their or his lifetime, nor could his fascinating account of his talk with Elinor Glyn about the desirability of frankness in public discussion of sex. In this account we get, as so often from these pages, the hopeless feeling of watching a trapped rebel. Mark Twain knew he could never speak out, never proclaim his real beliefs; his humour was a way of disguising his rebelliousness without making it ineffective. And here, surely, we have the clue to how to read (among other books) *Huckleberry Finn*.

There are crudities, sentimentalities, preposterous exaggerations, and sillinesses in this book. But we would not wish them away. They stand beside the humour, the moralizing, the savagery, the thrashings at the limitations prescribed by respectability, to reveal one of the most remarkable Americans of any time.

DAVID DAICHES

Permanent Red. By John Berger. Methuen. 16s.

Mr. Berger is a Marxist and an art critic and in articles written for periodicals, mostly for the *New Statesman*, and re-written for this book, he makes a courageous attempt at being a Marxist art critic. Being a Marxist is, of course, to some extent a help in his trade. It encourages him, for example, to perceive how silly and uncommunicative a great deal of modern art is, and he does not confine himself to condemning it as 'bourgeois, formalist and escapist' but is eloquent and amusing about Biennale art, Dubuffet's muddy concoctions, or Barbara Hepworth's sculpture—he tells us that the workmen who had to set up one of her pieces for the Festival of Britain spent some time trying to open it and find the sculpture inside. In his criticism of the art of the past, Marxist doctrine encourages him to observe works of art in their historical context, and here also he is very ingenious and sometimes illuminating.

Marxism has certainly made Mr. Berger a moralist, which is what few art critics are nowadays and perhaps more ought to be. There is a risk of priggishness such as afflicts a good many literary critics at the present time, but this is counteracted by the great pleasure that

Mr. Berger evidently takes in art, in Matisse, for example, or Dufy, or Watteau. Nor is he at all inclined to over-praise painters who do what the Marxists tell them; he finds little merit in modern Soviet painting. When he uses Marxist morality it is to interpret art and not to grade it, so that the good old epithet 'bourgeois' becomes in effect a term of praise as he applies it to Renoir though a term of contempt when applied to those who take Dubuffet seriously.

But even when Marxist doctrine is so loosely and urbanely used it still takes some straining to fit a variety of artists into the framework. Mr. Berger rightly observes that Watteau's vision is tragic as well as exquisite but he cannot leave it at that or accept his art as expressing the reaction of an individual to other individuals. Watteau's attitude to life, Mr. Berger says, was 'larger than his personal feelings and bigger than the subjects he represented'. And so 'the courtiers assemble for the embarkation to Cythera but the poignancy of the occasion is due to the implication that when they get there it will not be the legendary place they expect—the guillotines will be falling'. This is being wise after the event and it is tempting to observe, if one must make such materialist interpretations, that the courtiers of 1717 would have been dead by 1789.

ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

A History of Song. Edited by Denis Stevens. Hutchinson. £3 3s.

The musical evening, moribund by the end of the nineteenth century, was given its death blow in 1914. In Mr. Bennet's immortal words the young ladies had delighted us long enough; it is now the young gentlemen who 'exhibit' in murky basements, with guitars, a few chords, and what passes for voices, but certainly delighting their listeners more than Miss Mary Bennet ever did. If, however, the musical evening of the past often gave more pain than pleasure it did provide a platform for the amateur singer, from which he or she have long been warned off by radio, gramophone record and television, leaving only the competitive festival; and professional singers, with very few exceptions, find it hard to draw a sizeable audience to vocal recitals. The orchestral concert is all-conquering.

The B.B.C., fortunately, is reasonably generous in the provision of such recitals, and one hopes that this admirable *History of Song* will fall into the hands of an imaginative programme planner and stimulate him to give us a long series of broadcasts under the title of this book.

The greater part of it, preceded by two chapters on 'The Middle Ages' and 'The Renaissance' contributed respectively by Gilbert Reany and the editor, is devoted to 'The Modern Period', with the countries put in alphabetical order and allotted as follows: Belgium, France, Holland, Switzerland (David Cox); The British Isles (Arthur Jacobs); Czechoslovakia, Poland, Russia (Gerald Abraham); Germany and Austria, Scandinavia and Finland (Philip Radcliffe); Hungary, United States of America (Hans Nathan); Italy (Anthony Milner); Latin America and Spain (Gilbert Chase).

The literary merit of the contributions varies but the authors, except here and there, manage to avoid the tedium of the annotated catalogue. They give the impression of having studied their vast amount of material at first hand and they continually fish up treasure from the depths where it has long lain buried. Arthur Jacobs's

chapter, one of the best in the book, on the shamefully neglected field of British song, is comprehensive enough to take in a number of minor composers often condescendingly dismissed as writers of 'ballads', songs which, however modest, show an ability to write gratefully and effectively for the voice, almost a lost art today. I miss in the list of these composers the name of Graham Peel, whose settings of Housman's 'Summertime on Bredon' and Belloc's 'The Early Morning' surely deserved a mention. Gerald Abraham writes with rare authority and clarity on Polish and Russian songs, and David Cox is especially good on French songs, though he fails to include Bruneau's delightful *Chansons à danser* and *Lieds de France*, which are well worth revival. Philip Radcliffe's well-balanced chapter on German and Austrian songs is slightly marred by a number of misprints of titles and words and makes no reference to the fact that the piano versions of most of Mahler's songs and of Strauss's *Four Last Songs* are a mere convenience: they are all essentially orchestral songs.

This book, about the earliest and one of the most beautiful fields of music, will prove enchanting and invaluable to all lovers of song. It concludes with an epilogue by Michael Tippett on the effect of a song on the verbal music of the poem used.

ALEC ROBERTSON

The Anthill. By Suzanne Labin. Stevens. 37s. 6d.

One of the two sorts of bad, dull, and opinionated books about China is the bread-and-butter letter of the visiting delegate. He has generally been the guest of the Chinese government for about three weeks during which he visited Shanghai, Peking, the Commune outside Peking with the good road leading to it, and the car factory in Manchuria. His book is padded with those unspontaneously spontaneous speeches of those workers whom he has just happened to meet, and who have just happened to quote him all the latest statistics and Peking slogans.

The Anthill is the other sort of bad book about China. Miss Labin is, she writes, proud to be known as a 'systematic anti-communist'. She wrote her book after visiting Hongkong where, she believes, refugees from China can tell their stories without fear of personal reprisals. It was an original idea, but it would have made a better book if Miss Labin had not chosen to interview only refugees from a camp (Rennie's Mill) originally started for Kuomintang soldiers waiting to go to Formosa, with others found for her by American organizations as committed to 'systematic anti-communism' as Miss Labin herself.

Miss Labin believes that the Chinese are worse fed and worse clothed today than they were under Chiang Kai-shek. She dismisses the more favourable picture of material conditions drawn by visitors to China because, she writes, all the places they visit are specially prepared for them: Chinese 'Potemkin villages'. It is, of course, almost impossible to be sure about anything in a country the size of China; but several foreign journalists have tried, as I have, the experiment of stopping a car, choosing a footpath at random, and entering village houses where they were not expected. I found a very startled family just beginning a lunch of rice topped with a small helping of vegetables—not a good meal

STARVING BEDOUINS

From Mr. Clement Davies, M.P., and others

Sir,
May we appeal to your readers for help for the Bedouin Arabs, a total of 85,000, many thousand of whom are starving in the Jordan desert?

Three years' successive drought has completely destroyed all crops, and all grazing lands are barren, with the result that their herds of camels, sheep and goats are dead and they are left without means of survival. Thousands are starving; some have actually starved to death.

War on Want has opened a special fund for their aid and undertakes that every penny contributed to this fund will go direct to provide help for them, nothing whatever being deducted for expenses.

Contributions will be most gratefully accepted and should be sent to the Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Hon. Treasurer, War on Want, 9 Madeley Road, London, W.5. Please mark cheques and postal orders "Bedouin Arab Appeal" or enclose a slip of paper with any money sent "For Bedouin Arab Fund."

Yours faithfully,

CLEMENT DAVIES
JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON
ARTHUR HENDERSON

London, W.5

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wanted money—Christmas shop-
ping—told no sovereigns—couldn't
believe it—gave me paper—flick of the
fingers—just like that—there it was—
exactly right—not one over—marvellous
speed—off to shops—paid with notes—
no trouble at all—Bank was right—as
good as gold—what a world—every-
thing changed—only Christmas the
same—(Dickens would be glad of that).

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How and when does one amuse one's children?

*'IN spite of the fact that children
have far more beautiful toys with
every advancing year, we venture to
assert that it is just as difficult to
amuse them now as it ever was.'*
Thus wrote Mrs. Beeton, and since
her day the toys have got better (some
of them!) and the situation worse.

If you are trembling on the brink
of parenthood, I have news for you.
Knitting rompers isn't your greatest
problem—after all, if you don't knit
'em, somebody else will. Your real
difficulty is how on earth to entertain
a total stranger for the next five years.

HARO



There's plenty of guidance on *when*
to amuse children. Mrs. Beeton
prescribed one hour a day. The child
itself will suggest twenty-four. But it's
the *how* that's the tricky part. Can't
anyone help...

None but the foolhardy would be
definite about giving an authority, but
I'm pretty sure that no young parent
could read Bridget Colgan, and come
away unrewarded.

Mrs. Colgan is a young mother who
writes a regular series 'Within the
Family' in The Observer. She talks
about the special bond between
mother and child in a way that is not
at all romper-directed. She is refresh-
ingly anti-fad, and won't stand for any
theory that gets in the way of the
happy, unworried relationship between
mother and child.

Here is an extract from a recent
article: 'Fear of spoiling often prevents
us enjoying our babies' first months.
I heard of a mother who told her
newborn baby at the first feed of this
life: "Take your fingers out of your
mouth, you must not start bad habits!"

She isn't so very concerned with the
actual details of babycraft. But she's
obviously very good at mothering,
and from her own experience she
suggests how a new family can relax
and enjoy life together. She is
encouraging... and happy... and
reassuring to even the most diffident.

The most striking feature of her
writing is tenderness. Perhaps this is
why others besides imminent parents
look forward to her articles, and find
they bring a pleasant good-humoured
tone of voice to Sunday morning.

J.B.L.

by western standards, but better than many Asians eat, and much better than Miss Labin allows as possible for a Chinese peasant. In Peking and in Shanghai when I was there there were non-communist diplomats and businessmen who remembered China before Mao. They said that people were now better dressed (although all of them in the singularly unbecoming blue boiler suit—the new Chinese uniform), and that children particularly looked better fed than they had been.

Most of these people would agree with Miss Labin about political tyranny in China, and

the deadening effect of constant and compulsory political meetings on an already overworked people. 'They would not leave me one-nineteenth of my mind to myself', a refugee from Tientsin told me in Hongkong, and it was this, he said, not material privations or even fear of prison that had made him leave China.

One of the difficulties about deciding what the Chinese people really think about their present government is that only a handful of westerners have been allowed to stay more than two months in China; and, at present, journalists who speak Chinese find it particularly difficult to get visas

for even a limited visit. A book about why the Hongkong refugees have left China could be an important addition to what is known about Chinese Communism—but a good many of these refugees have mixed feelings about China. Some of them hope to return there one day after they have made their personal fortunes in capitalist Hongkong; some of them hate communism but are proud of the power it has brought China internationally. Perhaps the greatest weakness of *The Anthill* is that Miss Labin reports none of these mixed feelings.

LOIS MITCHISON

Recent Foreign Novels

The Blinding Light. By Heinrich Schirrmbeck. Translated by Norman Denny. Collins. 21s.

Frontier of the Unknown. By Henri Queffelec. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. Secker and Warburg. 21s.

Jealousy. By Alain Robbe-Grillet. Translated by Richard Howard. John Calder. 15s.

The Sovereigns. By Roger Vailland. Translated by Peter Wiles. Cape. 16s.

The Blinding Light and *Frontier of the Unknown* are novels about science and scientists: I made a bee-line for them partly because I happen to have come across a lot of scientists and partly in order to give a hearing to any novels which might contribute to narrowing the gap between the two cultures. Both, alas! turned out to be ineffably 'literary'.

Floggers of the old thesis that the Germans never change will find in *The Blinding Light* what they expect—the egregious pre-occupation with intellectual abstraction that is guaranteed to turn the head of anyone whose head is just not quite up to its job; symbolism and allegory; a strong smell of the sexually perverse; inordinate length and a hundred per cent. humourlessness. The novel is set in the capital city of a country in the last throes of reaction and decadence. The city is called Sybaris—oh dear!—and is clearly meant to be Paris. It is dominated by a secret police out to acquire all scientific discoveries for its own uses, in particular the discoveries of a distinguished scientist, the Prince de Bary, who heads an institute of cybernetics. He resists, and finally the Gestapo plans an enforced leucotomy on him. The novel is narrated by one of his young programmers, a scientist who is writing a novel about physicists and having some strange love-affairs—his first mistress turns out to be his half-sister; another, a mad ballet-dancer identified by him with his mother, turns to Lesbianism; and his great love is a blind girl, blind as a consequence of a very peculiar incident with her own father.

But the point of the novel lies elsewhere than in its Ufa-like scenario, namely in the metaphysical disquisitions in which the scenario is cocooned. I can only say they cover pretty well everything, and in the course of the author's desire to synthesize pretty well everything they abound with metaphysical correspondances—which, as usual, raise far more problems than they solve, e.g., adumbrating a correspondence between the behaviour of extra-nuclear electrons in an atom and a ballet immediately makes one ask if we are supposed to presume that the atom is subject to a divine Choreographer, or worse still, to imagine pupils of the Laban school flat-footing their way through a succession of quantum states.

Underlying Mr. Schirrmbeck's metaphysics is

a plea for science to re-acquire what it lost when it hived off from religion—which happens to be when it really got going—and for science to be recognized as a moral activity. In fact, investigating the truth by means of factual observation has a very strong built-in morality. Mr. Schirrmbeck goes further—he makes de Bary say: 'Knowledge is itself an act! . . . Even the act of pure knowledge has a moral significance, and the recognition of this must in its turn influence the ethical personality of the scientists'. As de Bary says this just after giving up science altogether, Mr. Schirrmbeck is open to being suspected of implying that knowledge and non-knowledge are two subjects for a moral choice which might on occasion properly go in favour of the latter. That will not do.

Where the style of *The Blinding Light* is inflated with portentousness, that of *Frontier of the Unknown* is inflated with a woman's-magazine kind of gush. Mr. Schirrmbeck actually refers to the dance of the electrons: M. Queffelec actually refers to the waltz of the atoms. *Frontier of the Unknown* is about a French atomic energy establishment consisting, as far as one can tell through M. Queffelec's apotrophizing prose, of reactors and isotope-separating plant. The central character is one of its youngish scientific bosses. The plot is of the sort that would have been done well by Nevil Shute—an accident at the works, policy debates over manufacturing plutonium, the death of a workman, fall-out, etc., together with upheavals in the hero's marital life.

Now we could do with a dozen more Nevil Shutes, if only for their social value in making the technological world comprehensible to non-technological people, in showing that scientists—as everybody in his more rational moments knows—are made of precisely the same stuff as the rest of us, differing only in certain attitudes as a result of their training. (And, in the case of the most important attitude, that of reverence for observable fact, not necessarily differing from all members of the non-technological culture.) When M. Queffelec presents his scientists as a race apart, no matter how often he may call them heroes and men of goodwill, the damage is done.

Jealousy and *The Sovereigns* are respectively 'cool' and 'pop' examples of the output of a

group of French novelists who could teach Sybaris a thing or two in the way of reaction and decadence. *Jealousy* is a very short novel aimed at putting across the experience of a man living on an isolated banana plantation, who is crazed with jealousy over his wife. It consists, as nearly as M. Robbe-Grillet can make it, of visual images, constantly shifting in random chronological order. M. Robbe-Grillet continues his practice of trying to make a novel out of what the eye sees, solely what the eye sees: there is no question of there being any head at the back of it. The fact that the result is next door to unreadable is of less interest than that M. Robbe-Grillet's technique is a determined, if dotty, attempt to eliminate mind from art—a characteristic sign of reaction and decadence. Incidentally, to call M. Robbe-Grillet's technique *avant-garde* is, of course, to display ignorance of English literary history of thirty years ago: as the last fag-end of the 'experimental' technique practised by such visual writers as Virginia Woolf—the 'experiment' was long since seen by English novelists to be a blind alley—it should be called *derrière-garde*.

The central character of *The Sovereigns* is a novelist who, recently having been 'as good as dead', cannot get started on his new novel. He brings himself to what passes for life by committing adultery with the young wife of his friend, both her husband and his own wife—this appears to be necessary—knowing about it. The novel is written in a lucid, precise, pared-down style, from which feeling is pared out. If M. Vailland himself has not been 'as good as dead', he must have been pretty near it.

The highbrow part of *The Sovereigns* consists of metaphysical discussions on choice, decision, love as a power-relationship, etc., together with the relation between Man and Car—which leads M. Vailland to spend a page of his lucid, pared-down prose on backing his car out of the garage. Then there are the pop trimmings; fast cars, tranquillizers, a game of chicken, a spot of off-stage flagellation and lots of as-good-as-dead love-making—on one occasion in the posture of crucifixion.

Between them, *Jealousy* and *The Sovereigns* typify an art, and the society from which it springs, right at the end of its tether.

WILLIAM COOPER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Out of Step

In 'THE BRAINS TRUST' on December 8 Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., claimed that Russia is living in the future, the United States in the present, and Britain in the past. There was too much of the politician's black-and-white simplification about the statement even for Prince Chula-Chakrabongse who, on the evidence of his brief contributions to the evening's discussions, finds the past, of his own family especially, uncommonly congenial. Mr. Benn, of course, is sensitively aware at the present time of the burdens of tradition.

His contention gained some, though not much, support from the second part of Mr. Christopher Chataway's series, 'Challenge to Prosperity' (December 9). Called 'The Adequacy of Management' and concerned with the inadequacy of management, it fixed on ship-building as an industry in which old-fashioned methods are rife.

How valid is the technique used in this type of programme? At the start Mr. Chataway interviewed four young scientists who had returned to Oxford to do research after a spell in industry, because industry could not use their capabilities to the full. While sympathizing with the four as they explained their predicament, one wondered whether their experiences were sufficiently typical for Chataway to base so much of his case on them. There must be scientists who have gone into industry from Oxford, have stayed in it, like it, and are now contributing to industrial progress. We did not hear of them.

But then this was no impartial inquiry. The team—Chataway, H. F. R. Catherwood, George Darling, M.P., and Andrew Shonfield—began with the premiss that much of industrial management in Britain is not using the improved processes technology has made available. Fair enough and indisputable, I should have thought. They produced witnesses to give examples of

management's shortcomings, and one or two (less eloquent) for the defence.

What did it amount to? Very little. I do not suggest that Mr. Catherwood's impatience with British management is unjustified, but if he and Mr. Chataway are under the impression that they proved their case the other night, I have to tell them, respectfully, that they did nothing

of step except itself in such matters as the decimal and metric systems of coinage and measurement and driving on the left of the road, seem to me to be small.

The Churches of England and Rome have been out of step for some 400 years. The Archbishop of York, in 'Meeting Point' (December 4), implied that it ought to be possible for both Churches to march into the future with more accord—not wholly in step, naturally, but with a little less treading on each other's heels. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool did not commit himself to an opinion on this point.

The exchange of views between the two archbishops, with Kenneth Harris doing his best to keep the talk down to a level we laymen could understand, never looked like flaring into worth-while theological controversy, and presumably one was being altogether too optimistic in hoping that it would. Following the Primate's visit to Rome last month the fashion is for both parties to this centuries-old dispute to be conciliatory, unprovocative, co-operative.

Is the new-found amity an end in itself or a stage on a long road to reunion? No one, in any of the several B.B.C. television programmes that have touched on the subject in the past three weeks, has hinted at this eventual destination, but if it is not to be thought of, this talk between the two archbishops can hardly be referred to, as *Radio Times* for example referred to it, as one of the 'momentous meetings when seen against the background of history'.

I watched the third 'Insight' programme (December 6) hoping very much to be able to report that at last Dr. Bronowski had got clear of introductory entanglements and was away. I have to admit, with shame, that for most of the time I hadn't the smallest notion what the doctor was talking about. Finally, he gathered together several of the threads of his bewildering discourse, and I thought that I glimpsed a pattern in them. It could have been wishful thinking.

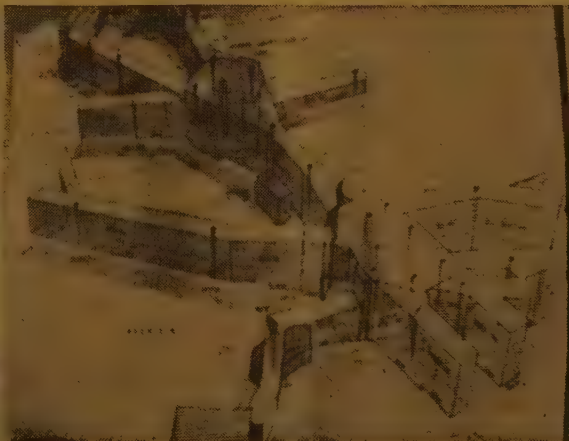
PETER POUND



The Archbishop of York, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, and Kenneth Harris (chairman) in 'Meeting Point'

of the kind. One test surely is that it would be the simplest thing, if the same treatment were adopted, to make an equally convincing programme of the opposite view—that British management is the most forward-looking and vital in the world; and everyone knows how true that would be.

Our national reluctance to contemplate, let alone make, changes was implicit in the item in an excellent 'Panorama' (December 5), in which Mr. I. J. Pitman, M.P., explained to Richard Dimbleby the principles of his new alphabet for children. The film extracts of children at school learning to read by means of the alphabet indicated that it may well be a useful teaching aid. The chances of its adoption by a country which believes that everyone is out



'Insight—3: The Shapes of Space': left, Dr. Bronowski demonstrating a principle of topology with a string puzzle; right, a map of the air corridors of Britain

John Cura

DRAMA

Barriers

FOR THE PROSELYTIZING play pure and simple television is no more an ideal medium than the theatre proper. This is not to suggest that *drame à thèse* is either out of place or impossible; simply that if the 'message' is to be combined with good 'theatre' the propaganda must not appear to have been the only reason for the play's existence. Within the theatre the implicit is more persuasive than the explicit. This, of course, is a generalization, and one, no doubt, refutable in a dozen clinching instances!



Robert Shaw (left) as Alan Regan and Earl Cameron as Robert Smith in *The Dark Man*

Nevertheless, as a workable rule-of-thumb yardstick it holds good, and Mr. N. J. Crisp's *The Dark Man* (December 8) bore it out fully, though I'm not suggesting that he made any secret either of his main theme or of his own opinions in the matter. Colour prejudice—intolerance—was the undisguised heart of this short, workmanlike play. But it wasn't hammered home with anger or passion, being allowed instead to grow out of the characters and the circumstances of their actions.

This convincing approach to a subject that we are all encountering more and more each day, indirectly through our newspapers or at firsthand in our increasing contacts with coloured people, attained an added depth by being demonstrated principally from the point of view of an ostensibly open-minded white employer in a northern town.

Mr. Robert Shaw's car-hire manager, both in the writing and the playing, was an ideal and typical northerner for the part. The mixture of kindness and ruthlessness, of a level-headed honesty and a cautious never-failing remembering of No. 1, admirably allowed the pragmatical change of sympathy to progress inexorably to its sadly logical conclusion, as the external pressures, brought to bear by employees, customers, relatives, and employers, forced the manager first to compromise in his hiring of a Negro driver and finally at curtain-fall to acquiesce with those he despised.

The poignancy of this situation was twofold since the humiliation of the coloured at his non-acceptance by a white world was mirrored by the humiliation of the white upon his being forced into an acceptance he had no wish to be part of. This provoked a double sense of indignation in us, demonstrating as it did—the more forcibly for the economy of its expression—the utter futility for all concerned of erecting arbitrary barriers between sections of mankind. And this bitterness was in the viewer rather than the play, which was as it should be.

Barriers of another kind were the battle ground of an efficient little tear-jerker in the R.C.M.P. presentations. *The Third Question* (December 9) told of the tribulations of a late-developer in bilingual Canada. This series has always been adept at using odd, everyday contrasts like this, which are a feature of Canadian

life, to produce an unexpected and unusual, yet homely, twist to its stories. And the hunt for a small boy (unaffectedly played by Master Nicholas McCombie), stealing from his convent school in order to get the money for his fare to return to a part of Canada where English was spoken, proved a good example of suiting story to environment. Perhaps it was a little drawn out, and the chase of the runaway more than a trifle contrived. In its favour was a warmth and humanity and a sense of the frailty of people which one sees too rarely in serials where crime and violence are the accepted concomitants of present-day life.

More is required to hold the attention on a failure than the constant assertion that, despite every reason, he remains an incurable optimist. Some reinforcement with acceptable facts to buttress up the unsupported statement is necessary if we are to find any point of contact in a creature who is otherwise as remote from our interest as a medical case-history.

I shouldn't, though, be at all surprised if the protagonist of *The Song of a March Hare* by Mr. Leo Lehman (Sunday) intrigued every alienist watching. His utterly unmotivated optimism in attempting to manage a cheap restaurant was only equalled by his extraordinary behaviour when actually in charge. Personal observation of such an eating house, for what it is worth, tells me that no restaurant run like this would last a week, and I suspected that the author, at least in his setting, was more than a bit out of his depth. However, the producer might have eliminated some of the more glaring anomalies and thus strengthened our attention and, it would follow, our interest in an optimist whom no amount of failure could disillusion.

One sensed that one was expected to be touched by the spirit of such volatility, moved by such an undaunted refusal to surrender, but sympathy was inevitably withheld from so unreal a character. Nothing Mr. Howard Goorney could do was able to imbue the restaurant owner with life, and his tendency in the big scenes to over-act was a natural outcome of forcing his pace. Mr. Patrick Dromgoole, despite the fault I mentioned and a sometimes disconcertingly

fast panning of his cameras, managed his large cast of varied, social groups with commendable skill.

It was probably too much to expect to gain from a guest appearance in Saturday's *Perry Como Music Hall* an understanding of the precise quality which Mr. Jack Paar is said to possess. Here in Britain his two-hour-long, late-night show in New York is but a legendary wonder. And so it must remain. For though announced as the 'Malcolm Muggeridge of Manhattan', and agreeable, amusing, and likeable though Mr. Paar is, a brisk, reckless assurance and an outrageous glibness do not match the acrimonious wit, testy benevolence, or the sudden bland expressions of disbelief in his interviewee's remarks which make our hero's appearance so compulsively viewable. In matters of moment, then, the old country still has sharper teeth than more youthful biters.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, Jr.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

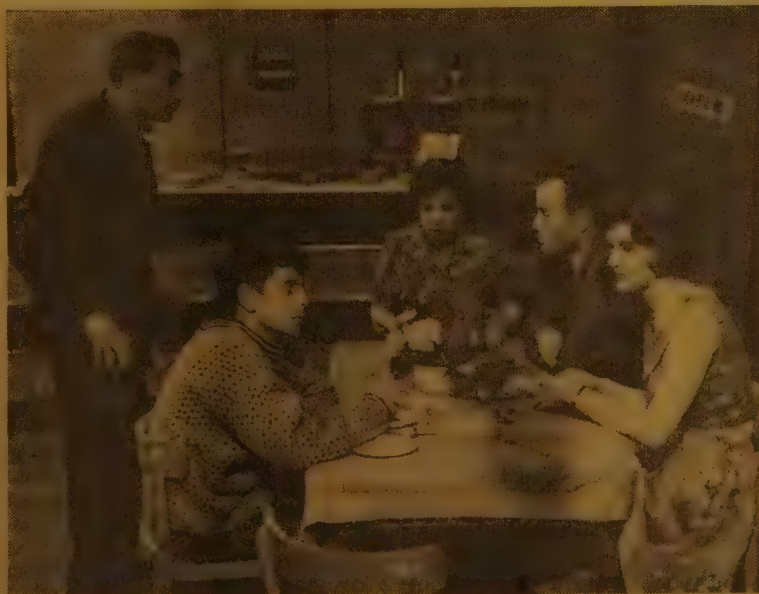
The Play within the Skull

IT IS WELL KNOWN that sound radio is the best medium for psychological drama, being able to carry subtleties of argument and the internal debate of id and ego. It is almost too well known that the play within the skull reaches its audience more effectively when broadcast than on the stage, but it remains true. It is also true that good novels make good radio—whether you call them plays or not—so long as the narration is kept under control.

This week we have had two remarkable novel-plays, *La Nausée* by Jean-Paul Sartre (Third Programme, December 7) and *L'Etranger* by Albert Camus (Third, December 9). Both were about as internal as you can get, concerned with philosophical problems, bedevilled by psychological illness, and seen with the mind of the principal character. They demanded close attention, and left this faithful listener feeling more than a trifle battered, but willing to grant that the experience had been worth while.

I must declare an old and now diminished prejudice against Sartre. When his 'existentialism' was a vogue word I trailed along after the expounders and comprehended less the more they explained. Worse still, his early non-philosophical writing seemed to me to have a mechanical neatness, awareness of intellectual climate, and facility which reminded me of Noël Coward more than of any other writer. (I consider Mr. Coward undervalued by 'serious' critics.) Sartre now seems a more solid figure than I thought, and *La Nausée*, as adapted by Barbara Bray from his first novel takes my partial conversion a step further.

It is not compulsory to accept the proposition that the dis-ease of Antoine Roquentin, whose diary is the arena of the story, demonstrates the central doctrines of existentialism. His disgust and fear in the presence of familiar 'objects' and his sense of being 'invaded' by them can be taken at two other levels. First, there is the semi-comic discomfort which writers and other preoccupied persons suffer from what they have called 'so-called inanimate objects' or the 'recalcitrance of matter'. Secondly, there are morbid conditions known to psychiatry of which 'a sense of un-



Scene from *The Song of a March Hare*, with (left to right) Howard Goorney as Will Crumble, Melvyn Hayes as Jimmy, Kathleen Michael as Madge, Roderick Cook as Roger Blinter, and Patricia Routledge as Sylvia

reality' is a common and nasty symptom. It has been recorded often enough in literature, too. *La Nausée* has far more that is valuable to say about the reality of a writer living in a French village whose ability to connect with friends and lovers has become atrophied than it has about the nature of external reality, things, emotions, or the horrors of nightmare. William Squire made his complex, agonized, and unsympathetic diarist credible enough. The necessary dramatic relief from so much introspection came sharply in scenes with the absurd and pathetic Self-Taught man, Monsieur Piquet (Haydn Jones). And after puzzlement over the diarist's memories of a mysterious witch mistress, the arrival of Anny herself (Margaret Whiting) was another relief and clarification. It is not unheard of for actresses and others to torment their friends by playing soulful dramas in private life. Nor has it anything to do with the nature of truth.

The Camus book, adapted by Sasha Moorsom and produced by Rayner Heppenstall, had more action and less audible theory, though there were several mighty long slabs of uninterrupted speech. Whether the indifferent man without passion or regret whose actions are commonly gratuitous or unmotivated is a type in life or a period dummy of French literary fashion, I am not sure. Meursault (Marius Goring) moved here in company whose passions and motives were singularly detestable. Until he shot a man in circumstances which were beyond his control and might be described as the exceptional irritatingness of things in Algeria, he spent his time being stoically and almost half-wittedly unconcerned, except for an attack or so of disgust. The imagery, visual and auditory, of the writing was strong to the point of being overwhelming—as it should be in this story. The opening scenes of the mother's pauper's funeral were painfully convincing; and the final court scene was impressive and subtle. Roberto Gerhard's music did much to give a sense of drama when the hero was necessarily inactively suffering.

The Times once condemned Thomas Hardy because it said he was 'disgusted with life—a state of mind with which we can have no sympathy whatsoever'. It would be easy to react just as stupidly to these two studies in disgust, but it seems likely that there was historical justification for their preoccupation with horror at the time when they were written. Rottenness in society and revulsion from the real world were necessary themes, not undertaken for the sake of causing anything so trivial as a *frisson* of shock.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



At Home and Abroad

THERE ARE CERTAIN SERIES of radio programmes that I always turn on with pleasure and the assurance of not being disappointed; and one of these is the series 'I Remember'. 'Twenty-five Years in Siam', by Gerald Sparrow (Home Service, December 2) was a collector's piece for orientalist: a charming talk on the last absolute monarch of Siam, an Old Etonian who ruled his country on Thursday afternoons. A delightful place Siam must have been in King Prachadipok's day, with its thirty-two annual holidays (including foreign festivals adopted out of sheer *joie de vivre*). Mr. Sparrow had a pleasant time as a Judge in Bangkok, and we had a talk that easily reached the 'I Remember' standard.

Many of Mr. Sparrow's cases in the International Court were cases of opium smuggling; and on December 6 (Third Programme) we heard a good deal more about the lethal trade in

'The Odd Business of the Opium War' (1839-1842). 'Albert is so much amused at my having got the island of Hong Kong', wrote Queen Victoria to her uncle in 1841, 'and we think Victoria ought to be called Princess of Hong Kong in addition to Princess Royal'.

It was the Opium War which brought us the accession of the island and this unusual royal flippancy; and I respectfully burned incense and bowed nine times on hearing Francis Watson's feature programme. I wish I could say I enjoyed it; but apart from a glimpse of Victorian soldiers as seen through Chinese eyes, and a gleefully sinister performance by Norman Shelley, I'm afraid I was not entertained. Nor could I write an essay now on the first Anglo-Chinese war with reference to my set programme. I was really rather muddled and disappointed.

I must say I was disappointed, too, by the Opies' second feature on 'The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren' (Third Programme, December 5). This dealt with children's humour, and the very subject made failure inevitable. As other programmes have shown us, one cannot take humour seriously. Humour is so personal, so transient, indeed so momentary, that one cannot catch it in objective discussion; and analysis just rubs the bloom off its wings. I didn't really want to know (any more than the child in the playground) that the origin of a childish joke could be found in some rare incunabula in the Bodleian Library. Yes, we were given some interesting facts, but this second feature just didn't work.

From children to adults. Some weeks ago we heard 'Who Cares?', a tough and disturbing programme on the treatment of ex-prisoners. On December 7 (Network Three) the subject recurred in the fourth programme in the series 'Crime and Punishment'. Lord Birkett emphasized the deep and urgent need for an adequate system of after-care, and recalled that time and time again a prisoner had told him he had intended to 'go straight' and had found it impossible to get regular work and to overcome public prejudice. This was perhaps the most serious point raised in this discussion on adult criminals; but one was also sadly impressed by the accounts of Victorian prisons still in use today: prisons which give even visitors an acute sense of claustrophobia. The reminder that hardened offenders might still get five to fourteen years' preventive detention for a minor crime like stealing a chicken or bicycle carried one back again to Victorian days and made us wonder what punishment Gilbert would have fitted to the crime. This programme, the last in the series, is being followed up by weekend courses; one is grateful to the B.B.C. for its social consciousness.

A compliment to the Corporation arrived on December 3, from a very unexpected quarter. *The Times*, which nearly always ignores top broadcasts, came out with a sudden tribute to Portland Place. Discussing the present renaissance of poetry in our cultural life, it decided that 'the B.B.C.'s patient devotion to the poet's cause over a good many years has been potentially influential'. As if to emphasize the point, we had a fine selection of poetry on the Third Programme next evening. Miss Helen Gardner, who presented Donne with such loving expertise a few months ago, now presented a selection from Ben Jonson. Her choice of poems was catholic and balanced, and her comments were so understanding, so blessedly free of subfusc, that one wished she would give a few straight talks on poetry. They would certainly be an ornament to the Third Programme; and (who knows?) someone in Printing House Square might even review them.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Chance or Design?

THE B.B.C.'s Thursday Invitation Concerts have become an institution; but like many institutions, they are in danger of falling into a rut. The idea of mixing old and new music in the same programme is an excellent one, but the formula lends itself to abuse, and can easily become tedious when the choice of works seems to have been dictated by chance rather than design. When works which are the product not only of different centuries but of musical minds as different one from another as chalk from cheese, both in calibre and character, are thrown together in the same programme, the result is not always satisfactory. Consider, for example, the bill of fare proposed for our delectation last week (Third Programme, December 8) when we were invited to sample (in that order) Debussy, John Bull, Malcolm Arnold, Mozart, Stravinsky, and Britten.

Working backwards through this eclectic menu, let us start with the dessert. As a sweet, nothing could have been more appropriate than Britten's ever charming *Ceremony of Carols* sung on this occasion, in the absence of a boys' choir, by the B.B.C. Women's Chorus (who sounded at times a little wavery and uncertain) valiantly supported by Maria Korchinska's mellifluous harp. The three Stravinsky works, which made up the savoury, were all more or less unfamiliar, but no less welcome for that, especially as Oda Slobodskaya was there to sing the three Shakespeare Songs and the *Three Children's Tales* which she did with all her accustomed vivacity and highly expert artistry. It is no disparagement of her great talents to say that she was more at ease in Stravinsky's Russian songs than in his very angular and ungrateful settings of three famous Shakespearean lyrics: 'Music to hear . . .', 'Full fathom five . . .' and 'When daisies pied . . .' which, whatever their purely musical merits may be, do nothing to enhance the music of Shakespeare's poetry. But it was a delight to hear her sing *Tilimbom, Ducks, Geese, and Swans*, and *The Bear*, adding greatly to the dramatic appeal of the latter by her vivid narration of the tragic events described in the song. A more austere aspect of Stravinsky was revealed in the *Epitaphium* for flute, clarinet, and harp written to commemorate the generous patron of the Donaueschingen Music Festival, the late Prince Max von Fürstenberg. Despite its extreme brevity (it is only seven bars long) the Epitaph is a highly complex piece of serial music, so we were allowed to hear it twice—most competently played, as far as one could judge, by Geoffrey Gilbert, Jack Brymer, and Maria Korchinska.

The Stravinsky items were preceded by Mozart's curious *Suite in the Style of Handel* for piano, played by George Malcolm who earlier in the programme had given a dazzling performance on the harpsichord of John Bull's brilliant and elaborate *Variations on Walsingham*. With regard to the two remaining items on this strangely heterogeneous menu, it is difficult to see what justification there could be for the inclusion of a *Quintet* for flute, violin, viola, horn, and bassoon by Malcolm Arnold, announced as a first performance (the work, it appears, having been extensively revised since it was first given during the war) as this proved to be an excessively light-weight affair relying almost entirely for its effect on a few would-be humorous touches in the writing for the wind instruments. Its poverty was unfortunately accentuated by its proximity to the one undoubted masterpiece in the programme, Debussy's little known and seldom played *Trio* for flute, viola, and harp, one of the three works for concerted instruments [out of the six he had

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planned to write] which he was able to complete before his death. I thought the performance of the *Trio* disappointing; it all sounded rather breathless and hurried, and the balance was not always satisfactory. It is a difficult work to play, needing even more refinement and a greater attention to detail and nuances than Maria Korchinska, Geoffrey Gilbert, and Frederick Riddle seemed able to give it on this occasion.

My other listening for the week included a concert broadcast by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, under John Pritchard (Home Service, December 9) at which Steven

Staryk gave a very polished performance of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto (although I thought the orchestra was too loud most of the time) and which also included Nielsen's Fourth Symphony rather appropriately nicknamed 'The Inextinguishable'. I am perhaps allergic to this kind of music, but it did seem to me inordinately long-winded. I listened for a short time to K. S. Narayanaswami, Narayana Menon, and Palghat Raghu (Third, December 10) playing on *vinas* and a *mridangam* and was fascinated as usual, but was surprised to learn that the music was 'composed' (though not written down) about a

century ago, and not, as one would have expected, improvised.

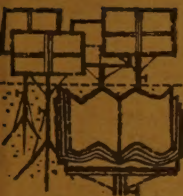
Finally, a word of praise for the Cuban-born pianist Jorge Bolet's exhilarating performance, with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under Rudolf Schwarz, of Prokofiev's Second Piano Concerto, written while the composer was still a student at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire (Third, December 10). One can understand why the pundits at the time were shocked; but it was refreshing to hear this uninhibited work overflowing with a vitality too often absent from much of the *avant-garde* music of today.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Mahler's Unfinished Symphony

By DERYCK COOKE

Mr. Cooke's full-score realization of the sketches of the Tenth Symphony will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.0 p.m. on Monday, December 19



IN 1924, THIRTEEN YEARS after Mahler's death, the sketches of his unfinished Tenth Symphony were published in facsimile. The first and third movements (*Adagio* and *Purgatorio*) were thought sufficiently complete to be performed—in Vienna that year, under Franz Schalk—and were later published in an anonymous edition (Ernst Křenek, long regarded as responsible for this, had no hand in it at all). The other three movements, rightly regarded as impossible to complete, have been neither published nor performed. And there are valid objections to performing the two published movements, since the whole manuscript presents only a first conception, which might have been recast; moreover, the short-score *Purgatorio* has been almost entirely orchestrated, and the full-score *Adagio* considerably touched up, by the editor. The Tenth Symphony would seem to be a mere tantalizing 'might-have-been'.

Nevertheless, there are overriding reasons why this work, unfinished though it is, should be heard. The first is purely human: we need to know what was Mahler's state of soul in the last agonizing year of his life: after the near nihilism of the Ninth, did this courageous spirit, as the end drew nearer, sink deeper into despair, or transcend it? Mahler, the unashamed symphonic autobiographer, would surely have wished us to know this, particularly as the answer is a positive one. By regarding the heart-broken finale of the Ninth as his final comment on life, we have been doing him a grave injustice. The second reason is purely musical: we should know what this prophetic and continually developing composer was exploring in his last days. Did he intensify the tonal disruption and ever-closer thematic unity of the two preceding works, or strike out a new path?

Objections will certainly be raised: the two published movements partly satisfy our curiosity, human and musical; the remainder can be seen in the facsimile; and to perform this remainder, we should have to 'doctor' it beyond legitimate bounds. The first two objections are fallacious. Isolated from the whole symphony, the two published movements are misleading, and the three manuscript movements reveal little to the eye: their barely legible notation, crossings-out, writings-over, and rough hints, need the utmost care and application to decipher. So far as I know, no one has given the manuscript more than a cursory examination, with the result that the whole nature of the work has been entirely misunderstood. Hence Richard Specht's extraordinary misconception 'An *Adagio* followed by four Scherzos'; hence Hans Redlich's difficulty in

making any sense of the work at all, and his dismissal of everything but the *Adagio* as a sad falling-off.

When I first examined the facsimile, I too was disheartened; it seemed hopelessly fragmentary. But eager to know all I could of Mahler's last musical thoughts, I began making a fair copy. After deciphering every sign on the score, I found in front of me something far more meaningful than I had imagined possible. I then corrected this tentative first draft, balancing each dubious note against the general sense of the passage concerned, of other similar passages, of the whole movement concerned, and often of the whole symphony. Only towards the end of this long task did the absolute coherence of the complete master-plan reveal itself, and take my breath away.

What I had deciphered was not a 'might-have-been', but an 'almost-is': five full-length movements in various stages of textural completion, but all sufficiently coherent to add up to a magnificent Symphony in F sharp: a symphony in two parts. The dark opening *Adagio* (in F sharp) ceased to be problematical; it presents one side of a picture, complemented by its ensuing brother-movement—a big lusty scherzo in the same key. The puzzling little *Purgatorio* (in B flat minor), so apparently insignificant, also gave up its secret: opening Part II of the symphony, it is the thematic seed from which grow two mighty offspring—the demonic-nihilistic Scherzo II (E minor moving down to D minor) and the despair-struggle-serenity finale (D minor moving back to F sharp). The only essential deficiencies are two short links and an extended development passage in Scherzo I, and a subsidiary central episode in Scherzo II, which are only vaguely sketched in.

The third objection—against 'doctoring' the music—is indeed weighty, and I certainly do not underestimate it; but I must insist that the 'doctoring' required is far less than a brief examination of the facsimile would suggest.

First, the notes: the *Adagio* and the *Purgatorio* are pure Mahler. In the other three movements listeners will hear 95 per cent. Mahler (that is, the music as it stands, with—most important—the spacing of the texture unchanged); the remaining five per cent. consists merely of conjectural readings of illegible notes and conjectural fillings-in of missing notes and chords—nearly all obvious, and subsidiary. I have 'composed' nothing; and only two elements are (most unfortunately) makeshifts. (1) Late on in the last two movements, Mahler indicates modified restatements of earlier themes by a melodic line only; he would probably have

recast the accompanying texture as well, but I have naturally had to use the original texture, very slightly modified to fit the new context; so here we may have mere repetition without variation. (2) When, at the peak of the finale, Mahler brings back the dissonant *fortissimo* nine-note chord of the climax of the first movement, he sets against it a thematic figure legible only in that it suggests either a motive from the slow introduction to the finale, or its derivative—the main motive of the central *allegro* section; my choice of the latter is conjectural, but I cannot feel we should lose the whole superb movement because of even this crucial uncertainty.

Secondly, the orchestration: the *Adagio* is practically pure Mahler (I have rejected the unstylistic additions of the published score); the *Purgatorio* is, I think, very near to Mahler. (I have largely accepted the published edition's cogent realization of Mahler's four-stave score with its liberal indications of instrumentation, but removed several unwarranted textural additions.) The four extracts from Scherzo I are about 80 per cent. Mahler; I have merely added the necessary doublings to the 'essential' orchestration of the main scherzo material and closing pages; the two trios and the slow interlude will be played almost exactly as they stand.

The remainder is another matter. The three extracts from Scherzo II (representing four-fifths of the movement) and the complete finale I have scored myself from Mahler's four-stave sketches, with their occasional but highly significant indications of instrumentation. I need no telling that to attempt to orchestrate Mahler would be a ludicrous impertinence. But 'orchestrate' is not quite the right word here; Mahler conceived his music orchestrally, and his short scores are blueprints for instrumentation; if studied and auralized persistently enough, they score themselves—in essentials. The fantastic new world of sound which Mahler was no doubt imagining is of course beyond conjecture, but I believe I have divined his 'essential' orchestration to within about 80 per cent. I have been greatly helped by Berthold Goldschmidt, who suggested many striking improvements in orchestral detail, but I am entirely responsible for the whole general lay-out.

I am convinced that my apparently presumptuous undertaking will prove justified: that these last two movements, though slightly touched up and entirely scored by another hand, will reveal themselves as among Mahler's very finest conceptions; and that it will be realized for the first time that the Tenth Symphony, far from being a pathetic, fragmentary product of failing powers, is the near-realization of a final, spiritually victorious masterpiece.

Bridge Forum



Answers to Listeners' Questions—VIII

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Question 1 (from Mr. J. K. Kroes, The Hague, Holland):

In a team of four match, with North the dealer and North-South game, the auction has begun:

NORTH	SOUTH
1 H	1 Sp
2 H	?

South holds:

♠ A J 3 2 ♥ A 10 ♦ 8 6 3 ♣ K Q 8 5

What should South bid?

Answer: Mr. Kroes makes his own suggestion, which is for a bid of Three Clubs. The danger of this is that partner may now make a jump to Four Spades with some such spade holding as 10 x x and suitable outside values. He could reasonably assume the spade suit to be of greater length than four cards: in fact, even with as good support as Q x x the hand may not play to advantage in spades. For that reason we would prefer a direct raise to Four Hearts, a contract which we must be confident of making.

An interesting question, not raised by our correspondent, relates to South's initial response. Because, precisely, of the difficulty outlined in the preceding paragraph, there is a good deal of merit in an initial response of Two Clubs.

Question 2 (from Mr. S. Dapurhar, London, N.W.8):

What is the correct bidding sequence on the following hand? East dealer, Love all:

WEST	EAST
♠ A 10 9 3 2	♠ 7 4
♥ A 8 5 2	♥ 9 6 3
♦ A	♦ K 6 3
♣ 8 4 2	♣ A J 10 7 5

In fact West opened One Spade after East had passed, East responded Two Clubs, West passed, and was criticized for so doing.

Answer: It would have been sheer folly for West to contemplate any further action. His partner had passed once and so, with a very minimum opening bid, he could afford to discount game possibilities in the absence of vigorous spade support. Two Clubs was a contract he could expect to make: any further bid might persuade partner that he had a better hand and might lead them to an unsafe contract.

It is not uninteresting to consider West's action had partner, as he might have done, responded One No Trump. Once again his best action would probably be to say No Bid. His heart suit is so weak that it would probably play well only if he was fortunate enough to find four-card support opposite, and the singleton diamond (the ace, after all) should not be unduly encouraging since it would be quite likely that partner's main strength lay there. Above all, one

should hesitate to commit oneself at too high a level with limited values.

Question 3 (from Miss Leys, Exmouth Devon):

How should these hands be bid? Rubber bridge; dealer West; North-South 60 in the first game:

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 6	♠ 9 7 4
♥ None	♥ A K 10 8 7 6 5
♦ A Q 9 7 6	♦ K 3
♣ K Q 10 7 4	♣ A

Answer:

WEST	EAST
1 D	2 H
3 C	3 H
3 NT	4 H
No bid	

East should not be over-impressed by his fitting cards in partner's two suits. Unless partner insists further (and partner should not insist further with his two five-card suits) his own hearts, even unsupported, offer the best prospects of making game. And, in spite of his fitting cards, a heart loser is almost certain when partner is unable to raise to Four Hearts and he cannot reasonably expect to avoid a spade loser. In fact, no game is completely certain, but Four Hearts would be unlucky to fail.

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ABOUT THE HOUSE



Choosing Poultry

THIS YEAR THERE IS no shortage of poultry: there are plenty of chickens, generally fine quality ducks; geese are probably slightly cheaper than they were last year; and there is what has been described to me as a 'bountiful' supply of pheasant of excellent value.

In choosing poultry, look to see that there is plenty of breast meat; at the same time see that the legs and the flesh are smooth and soft. But your best safeguard is to go to a reliable retailer.

Here is some guidance if you are wondering what weights to choose. One duck is suitable only for a small family; and do not buy a duck weighing less than about 5 lb. untrussed, or you will not get much meat. This year there is a higher proportion of ducks being sold ready for the oven.

A goose, like a duck, loses a lot of weight in the trussing, so it is not advisable to buy one under about 10 or 12 lb. untrussed.

Many people like a large roasting chicken or capon for Christmas. Look for one in the region of 5 to 8 lb. untrussed, though you will find it more economical this year to buy two medium-sized chickens rather than one large; you get more joints that way, so they go further.

One last point: as soon as your retailer can quote you a price, make sure whether he means

untrussed weight, or the oven-ready weight including the giblets—it makes quite a difference.

LOUISE DAVIES

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Sauces for Christmas Pudding

To make a custard sauce you will need:

- 1 pint of milk
- 1 oz. of custard powder
- 1 oz. of sugar
- 1 small piece of butter
- 2 tablespoons of brandy, rum, or whisky

Place the custard powder in a basin, add two tablespoons of milk from the half-pint, and mix to a smooth paste. Place the remainder of the milk in pan with sugar, bring to the boil. When boiling pour on custard paste, stir, and return to the pan. Heat until the sauce thickens, then add butter and the spirit and stir well.

To make brandy, rum, or whisky butter you will need:

- 1 lb. of butter
- 1 lb. of soft brown sugar
- 1 large nutmeg, grated
- 2 tablespoons of brandy, rum, or whisky
- 1 little caster sugar

Melt the butter very slowly. Mix sugar and nutmeg in bowl, first crushing out any large lumps of sugar. Add the spirit and then the melted butter. Stir well until the mixture

thickens. Dredge lightly with caster sugar, and leave to get cold.

A. COOK

Notes on Contributors

S. HERBERT FRANKEL (page 1090): Professor of Colonial and Economic Affairs, Oxford University; author of *Capital Investment in Africa, The Economic Impact on Underdeveloped Societies*, etc.

SIR SYDNEY COCKERELL (page 1099): Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, 1908-37; author of *The Work of W. De Brailles, An English Illuminator*, etc.

SIR SHANE LESLIE, Bt. (page 1099): Member of the Irish Academy; author of *The Oppidan, Men were Different: Studies in Late Victorian Biography, From Cabin Boy to Archbishop*, etc.

ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY (page 1100): daughter of Leo Tolstoy and President of the Tolstoy Foundation; became an American citizen in 1941; author of *I Worked for the Soviet* (1934), *Tolstoy—a Life of My Father*, etc.

OLIVER WARNER (page 1110): Deputy Director of the Publications Department, British Council; author of *An Introduction to British Marine Painting, Trafalgar*, etc.

DERYCK COOKE (page 1121): Assistant, Music Department, B.B.C., 1947-59; author of *Gustav Mahler, 1860-1911*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,594.

3 D.

By Altex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened):
book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

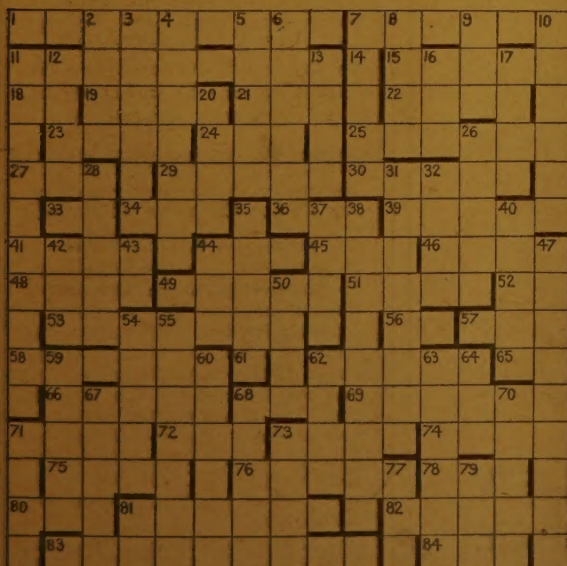
Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 22. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The puzzle is in the nature of 3D. Two are shown in the italicised clues as anagrams together with the number of letters in each. The solver is asked to fill in the light appropriately. The other clues are normal and the unchecked letters form: COME AT A HAMMAM? ARCHIMEDES' BRIEF DIP TOO PRIMI

A = Across, D = Down, R = reversed, U = up.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Hero palms cigar (8, 6)
7. Salad's tabu, chi (6, 7)
11. Love-on-stilts era (9, 6)



14. See 17D.
15. Line taken to sound a count (5)
18. See 37D.
- 19R. Once to heal it at home (4)
21. Orcadian gully (3)
22. Monkey, certified horrific, expressing scorn (4)
- 23R. Surprise arrival in fog (4)
24. 41A. A crochet robot (7, 6)
25. Final to lump 'em roughly (6)
27. Up a bit, koala! (6, 5)
29. Appellation for a rosy old fellow (5)
30. Rococo (hic!) Ugh! (7, 5)
33. 72A. Hard stuff that is for banknotes (5)
34. Get ham, Mac! (4, 5)
36. See 52R.
39. A 'square' and not mother! (5)
41. See 24A.
44. Pd cry hark (4, 5)
45. Old 'Bob' can't count when curling! (3)
46. Linden tree (4)
48. Miserable specimen—a Maori myrtle (4)
49. Double-faced effigy. Mother-in-law? (5)
51. Prehistoric axe (4)
- 52R. 36A. Circular set in form of robin (5)
53. Rough ace crew (7, 5)
56. Hic? Ouh! (2, 4)
57. Repent (3, 3)
58. Jove, a Latin ulna! (7, 7)
61. See 73D.
62. Cricket baulk'd! Manchester? (7, 16)
65. See 43D.
66. A gondolier relic (7, 8)
68. Compound nitrogen (3)
69. Bird grit packet (7, 7)
71. i.e. new-mown (4, 5)
72. See 33A.
73. Brock's artil (5, 6)
74. Ox nearly takes in a 'zoo-man' (4)
75. Bar the cry of the bittern (4)
76. Will's little lady (5)
78. Scions (3, 3)
80. Half empty dust extractor (3)
81. Idols spread a false tale about Mohamet's cousin (6)
82. In due revenge (8, 4)
85. Menial yen (4, 5)
84. I wheel tub (5, 4)

DOWN

2. Neat ache aid (5, 6)
- 4U. Bag a hen? Dad's chore! (8, 8)
5. Zeta, a dubious gain for Romans? (5)
6. Ah! I spot menagerie! (9, 7)
7. Phaeton urch! (6, 5)
8. Ascending, ascend! Police! (4)
9. Gool rabbit (3, 7)
10. I analyse a pure hog! (6, 10)

11. Topic to appeal to ex-cop. (8, 12)
12. Lady's love—a Dardanelles suicide (4)
13. Hen in radio! (4, 6)
16. Geck! Mug! I? (4, 4)
17. 14A. The arrow's barb—the hydrogen ion concentration age! (5)
20. A tile to flap (4)
26. It's commoner to soak old Albanian ruler (5)
28. Indian mat tangled by Jock! (5)
31. A Klu Klux Klan gone haywire! The Eskimo's a magician! (8)
32. Levantine weight (4)
35. A tariff (4, 3)
37. 18A. Seam join ruins her encircling Scots wrap (5)
38. Darn the carpet! (5, 8)
40. Hush! A catamaran's duel! (6, 12)
42. See 81D.
43. 65A. Even—with honours! (4)
44. "—, altho' an Oriental" (3)
47. P.S. Your lunch? Peas! (7, 8)
50. Lone Urdu T.V. (4, 6)
54. Watch with energy! It's hidden (5)
55. Corgi clothier? (8, 5)
59. Waggon a wind turns up (5)
60. Libel game veteran (9, 7)
62. Nell, be clad! (4, 5)
63. Doubt about the dead? Yet, it clickst! (6)
64. Play a salmon (3)
67. Marmoset tomb (10, 2)
68. Cleo, a pet coney (7, 6)
70. So, shun puce (4, 5)
71. Shavian rumb (6, 6)
73. 61A. People make a song about it! (5)
77. See 79D.
79. 77D. Bankers man gets in specifically! (5)
81. 42D. Under part of amoeba's allantois (5)

Solution of No. 1,592

1	7	6	3	9	9	5	8
1	5	4	2	4	2	7	9
0	2	2	7	7	9	8	1
4	6	3	2	8	3	2	0
1	2	7	4	7	9	8	3
4	8	8	4	0	4	4	5
7	8	9	8	4	4	1	0

NOTES

The number of integral right-angled triangles of which a number m may be a short side is the same as the number of ways in which m^2 may be factorized into two unequal factors of equal parity. For $m = 2^{a_1} 3^{a_2} 5^{a_3} \dots$ (where p, q, r, \dots are different prime numbers > 2) this number of ways =

$\frac{1}{2}[(2a_1 + 1)(2b_1 + 1)(2c_1 + 1) \dots - 1]$
+ $(a_1 - 1)[(2a_1 + 1)(2b_1 + 1)(2c_1 + 1) \dots]$
except that when $n = 0$ the second term is omitted. If $m^2 = xy$, the hypotenuse is given by $\frac{1}{2}(x + y)$ and the other short side by $\frac{1}{2}(x - y)$, so that

$$[\frac{1}{2}(x + y)]^2 = [\frac{1}{2}(x - y)]^2 + m^2$$

The number chosen, 840, gives 67 triangles.

1st prize: D. I. Vesey (Barnet); 2nd prize: D. Kirby (Leeds, 2); 3rd prize: I. W. Phillips (Glasgow, N.W.).

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